The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 104. Vol. XVIII. MAY, 1900. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* May *will be noticed in the* June *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th June *in the* July *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

A gentleman in Sheffield has made a most important discovery of manuscripts connected with the late Lord Tennyson. We believe that the find includes much correspondence between Arthur Hallam and Tennyson, as well as drafts of some of Tennyson's early poems. The correspondence is perhaps too sacredly private for publication. In any case, no final decision has been come to.

Miss Marie Corelli, who is now quite well, is living in a delightfully quaint old house at Stratford-on-Avon, called Avon Croft. She has completed her long novel, which will be published in England by Messrs. Methuen, and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. The title will be made public immediately. Miss Corelli has also finished a short book for Messrs. Hutchinson. This will come out a little earlier than the other work, which is considered her masterpiece.

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch has practically completed the great Anthology of English Poetry for the Clarendon Press, on which he has been engaged more or less for about seven years. He has gone over the whole field of English poetry with the most scrupulous care, and the result, we do not hesitate to say, will be of permanent value. Besides rescuing many lost poems by our older writers, Mr. Couch has paid great attention to the so-called minor poetry of the nineteenth century. The anthology will extend to nearly a thousand pages, but will make a very handy volume, as it will be printed on the India paper employed by the Clarendon Press. Its appearance may be expected in the autumn. Mr. Quiller-Couch retires then from the office of literary adviser to Messrs. Cassell and Co.

We understand that Mr. Frank Bullen, the author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," is writing a novel of the sea.

The June number of *Blackwood's Magazine* will contain the final instalment of Mr. Conrad's "Lord Jim." The new book entitled "Three Tales," which has been looked for since the beginning of the year, will make its appearance at the same time—about the end of May. The three tales are "The Heart of Darkness," "Youth," and "Lord Jim."

Mr. Heinemann will publish on the 17th a new Anglo-Indian novel by Mrs. Flora Steel, entitled "Voices in the Night." Mrs. Steel's novel, "The Hosts of the Lord," which has been appearing in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, will be published by the same firm later in the year.

Benjamin Swift has completed a new novel, which will be issued this month. The title chosen is "Nude Souls."

We regret to hear that Mr. Eden Phillpotts's health is in danger of being seriously impaired through overwork, and that pending recovery he will have to give up all literary work for some months. The novel, "Sons of the Morning," upon which he has been engaged is not quite finished yet, and its publication will probably have to be postponed till the autumn.

Miss M. E. Wilkins has just completed an historical novel, "The Heart's Highway," a romance of the seventeenth century, the scene of which is laid in old Virginia. "The Heart's Highway" will be published here in the autumn by Mr. John Murray, who has decided to expand his list to include notable works of fiction in the future. Miss Wilkins's novel will also be issued in America by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company. This book will undoubtedly have a large sale in the States, where historical fiction is now all the rage.

Mr. Neil Munro has been in Paris since the opening of the Exposition. He is writing a series of articles on the Exposition for the *Glasgow Evening News*. Meanwhile he continues to work on his new novel, which will probably see light first in *Blackwood's* before appearing in book form.

Mr. John Lane will publish immediately a novel, entitled "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," by Henry Harland. The scene of the story is laid in Italy. We have grown so accustomed to Mr. Harland as a short-story writer that a long tale by him will be something of a novelty.

Messrs. Hutchinson will publish in the near future "A Sportsman in India," by Isabel Savory. This is a bright record of travel, adventure, and sport in India, and is full of stirring stories of sporting experiences and pictures of unknown India. The volume will be magnificently illustrated.

Over 70,000 copies of Mr. Fitzpatrick's "Transvaal from Within" have been sold, and in Canada they are now

printing the book for themselves instead of importing copies.

Mr. John Murray is to publish this month "The Touchstone," by Mrs. Edith Wharton, which appeared recently in the pages of *Scribner's Magazine*. This author won some distinction by her first book, a volume of short stories issued under the title "The Greater Inclination," just a year ago.

Miss Una L. Silberrad, whose first novel, "The Enchanter," published last November, has been so well received, is a writer evidently to be reckoned with in the future. Mr. William Heinemann will publish her second novel, entitled "The Lady of Darkness," in September, and the "Princess Puck," which we announced in our last number, will appear serially in *Macmillan's Magazine* during 1901, before being issued in book form in the autumn of that year. Both novels will be published in America by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company.

Messrs. Ward, Lock will be publishing this season five entirely new guide-books in their well-known Shilling Guide Book Series—Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Margate, Herne Bay, and Canterbury.

Mr. Fisher Unwin tells an interesting story about the literary beginnings of two novelists who have recently arrived and become famous.

When the "Pseudonym" Library was in the full flow of its literary success, and hundreds of manuscripts were being sent in for perusal, stories were again and again received even too short for that little literary production. The reader was particularly pleased with one story, but as it was only about 10,000 words in length it could not be used in the library, and so it was put aside on the chance that it might be used in some other way. Not long after, two other short stories came in. They were charming and eminently suitable for the library, but for their length; and then the first story was remembered, and the three stories made up a fair "Pseudonym" volume, and were soon published under the title of "The Hon. Stanbury and Others."

Curiously enough, when the publisher began to arrange the printing, he noticed for the first time that the two sets of manuscript came from the same country town, and the authors, unknowingly, had forwarded their work to the same publisher.

One of the two authors who thus started together under one cover was Miss Findlater. The other writer is now known as "The Author of 'The Rhymer,'" the novel which tells the story of Robert Burns and his loves. This novel is having a warm reception from the Scotch Press and from the Scotch critics. It is something in its favour that the *Weekly Scotsman* published it as a serial as the result of reading the manuscript.

In the same way a Sydney newspaper has also published it, and the firm of Scribner, of New York, have already issued it in volume form in two editions.

Bibliographers will be puzzled to know which of the stories in the "Pseudonym" volume were written by Miss Findlater and which by Allan McAulay. As there were three stories, one must have written one, the other two.

We understand that the author of "The Rhymer" has another novel ready; indeed, it was written before "

THE COWPER CENTENARY.

COWPER, BY JACKSON.

Painted after the poet's death. The original is now in the possession of Earl Cowper.

Rhymer." It is entitled "Black Mary." But Mr. Allan McAulay will not publish this second novel until the autumn, and possibly not until next year.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish immediately a new volume of their Highways and Byways series. The subject is Normandy, the letterpress being by Percy Dearmer, and the illustrations by Joseph Pennell.

Mr. Vizetelly's translation of Zola's "Fécondité" will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus on May 11th under the title of "Fruitfulness." It is the first of a series of four works, in which M. Zola proposes to embody what he considers to be the four cardinal principles of human life. The remaining three volumes will be entitled "Work," "Truth," and "Justice." The names the author has chosen for the heroes of the four volumes are Matthew, Luke, Mark, and John.

The list of English books translated into Norse is increasing. The books of Herbert Spencer, Henry Drummond, Rider Haggard, Edna Lyall, Rudyard Kipling, and Conan Doyle, to mention only a few, are exceedingly popular in Norway, and to them must now be added a translation of Ian Maclaren's "The Days of Auld Lang

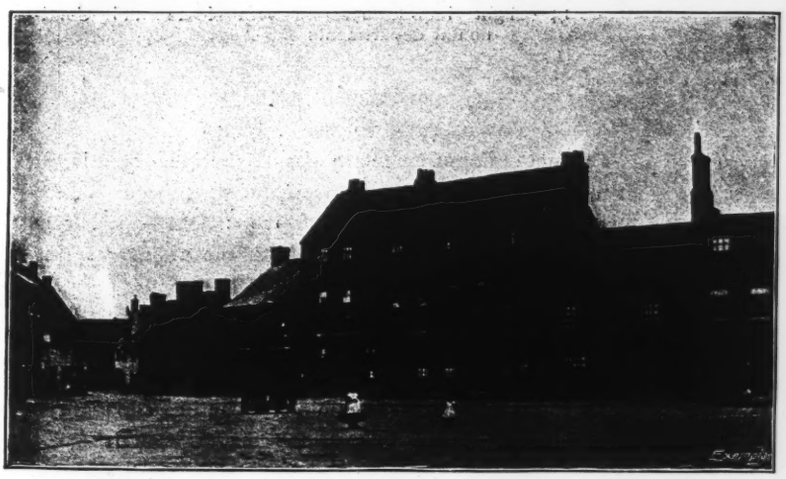
Syne" under the title "Gamle Dage." The author of the translation is Ingeborg Konow, whose sketches of child life have a wide circulation in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany. She has done her work admirably, and has apparently never missed even the finest shades of meaning. The publisher, Grieg of Bergen, has got up the book in excellent style. The same translator is now engaged on Mr. Barrie's "Little Minister," which Grieg hopes to publish very soon.

"The Mystery of Fourways" is the title of a new novel which Miss Florence Warden has written.

Messrs. Ward, Lock will issue shortly Miss Esther Miller's new sensational novel, "Should She have Spoken."

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new book, "Three Men on the Bummel," will be published by Mr. Arrowsmith on May 1st. The book is humorously illustrated by L. Raven Hill. The colonial edition will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

"To the Memory of Mrs. Henry Wood, my first Editor and one of the kindest of my Friends," is, we hear, the dedication of Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's new novel, "The Avenging of Ruthanna," which Mr. John Long is to publish at the end of May.



THE COWPER CENTENARY.

COWPER HOUSE, OLNEY

Originally "Orchard Side." This was the residence of the poet from 1767 to 1786. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin only occupied the western portion; the eastern portion was tenanted by Cowper's protége, "Dick Coleman, his wife, and a thousand rats." The windows of the famous parlour are seen between the two doors.

We hear, on the best of authority, that a well-known London publishing firm may shortly be expected to pass into the hands of the Official Receiver.

"Land o' Strangers" is, we hear, the picturesque title of Mr. H. D. Lowry's next book.

The military turn which the publishing trade has taken seems likely to last. We hear that a book on "Famous British Regiments," from the expert pen of Major Arthur Griffiths, may be expected before long.

THE COWPER CENTENARY.

THE VICARAGE, OLNEY.

Olney Vicarage was the residence of the Rev. John Newton, Cowper's friend and constant companion, and for a time of both Cowper and his cousin, Lady Hesketh.

The Oxford University Press have retained the services of the well-known book-cover designer, Mr. A. H. Turbayne, who will be given a free hand for the ornamentation of the better class of books produced at their bindery.

Lippincott's Magazine is publishing at least five novels by English authors this year in its well-known "Complete in One Number" form. All are by the younger men—Mr. E. W. Hornung (in the March issue); Mr. Cope Cornford, whose contribution is to be called "Northborough Cross"; Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. William Le Queux, and Mr. Louis Zangwill, whose "Siren from Bath" was the chief attraction of the February *Lippincott*.

We regret that a misleading misprint crept into Dr. Hay Fleming's article last month. The words, page 12, column 2, "to may ye labour to mak all freindis ye our effect, quha will," should read, "ye labour to mak all freindis ye may to our effect, quha will."

THE WAR AND THE BOOK TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

MARCH 20TH TO APRIL 20TH.

The further lengthened period of unrest and anxiety in South African affairs continues to exercise a baneful influence upon trade, and although a vast amount of literature created by the war has already appeared, it unfortunately

does not in any way compensate for the loss in other directions. At the commencement of the month the prospects were somewhat brighter, and an indication of a fairly successful Spring season was apparent. So far, however, it has not been realised. Books of a more or less military nature are still in demand. The cheaper edition of "The Transvaal from Within" has gained a firm hold upon the public, as also have works by the various correspondents at the front, such as "From Capetown to Ladysmith," by the late G. W. Steevens; "The Natal Campaign," by Bennet Burleigh; "Towards Pretoria," by Julian Ralph; and "The War up to Date," by A. H. Scaife.

Among 6s. novels there have been several important arrivals, notably "The Farringdons," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, whose "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" still holds a foremost place in popular fiction. "Joan of the Sword Hand," by S. R. Crockett; "The Tiger's Claw," by G. B. Burgin; "Becky," by Helen Mathers; "Princess Sophia," by E. F. Benson; and "Sophia," by Stanley J. Weyman, have been well-received; "Féo," by Max Pemberton, continues to sell freely.

The Lenten season just passed has been, as far as the sale of devotional works is concerned, the least successful recorded for many years.

Our "suffering Bishop," as the late Walsham How, whilst Suffragan Bishop of Bedford, was designated by an East-End woman, has been presented to his many admirers in quite a new light by the issue of a bright and attractive volume of witty and humorous anecdotes which has attained a distinct success.

Guide-books have been somewhat sought after, chiefly, however, for home resorts, and more especially those used by cyclists, such as the popular "Way about Series."

THE COWPER CENTENARY.

THE SUMMER HOUSE, OLNEY.

At the bottom of the garden at Orchard Side stood the famous "nutshell of a summer house," "not much bigger than an armchair," which Cowper sometimes called his boudoir, and in which, during the summer months, he did most of his writing. For many years it was his "workshop" and "verse manufactory."

Up to the present little demand has been made for Continental Handbooks.

Sixpenny reprints have sold fairly well, and continue to be in steady demand. The most recent addition to this class is F. M. Crawford's "Saracinesca."

Of periodical publications in connection with the war there is abundance; to specify would, however, be invidious, as very many enjoy an extensive circulation.

We append the usual list of books which have been most in demand during the past month.

The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
From Capetown to Ladysmith. By G. W. Steevens. 3s. 6d. (W. Blackwood.)
A History of South Africa. By W. B. Worsfold. 1s. net. (Dent.)
The Natal Campaign. By Bennet Burleigh. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Mr. Thomas Atkins. By E. J. Hardy. 6s. (Unwin.)
Towards Pretoria. By Julian Ralph. 6s. (Pearson.)
On the Eve of the War. By Evelyn Cecil. 3s. 6d. (J. Murray.)
The War up to Date. By A. H. Scaife. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)
The Farringdons. By Ellen T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Joan of the Sword Hand. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co,)
Becky. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Pearson.)
Sophia. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Longmans.)
The Green Flag and Other Stories. By Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Princess Sophia. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 2s. net. (Dent.)
When we Dead Awaken. By H. Ibsen. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Féo. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
The Tiger's Claw. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Pearson.)
Hints on the Conduct of Business. By Sir C. Boyle. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Lighter Moments from the Note-Book of Bishop Walsham How. 2s. 6d. (Isbister.)
The Unchanging East. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Chatto.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
March 24—Quiet in Home departments, fairly good in Continental.
" 31—Very quiet in all departments.
April 7—Still dull, but firmer in Colonial.
" 14—Slight improvement in both Home and Continental departments.

(2) SCOTLAND.

MARCH 20TH TO APRIL 20TH, 1900.

The noted improvement in general business mentioned in last month's report continued during the time under review, although the number of publications—apart from war books—was not in keeping with the ordinary spring publishing season.

Steevens' "From Capetown to Ladysmith" kept still to the front as the leading war book; and Burleigh's "Natal Campaign," Atkins' "Relief of Ladysmith," and Scaife's "War to Date" were also prominent in business done. The cheap edition of Mr. Fitzpatrick's famous volume had a very large sale.

Easter holidays again reminded booksellers of tourist literature, and purchases were made of guide-books, cycling maps, and road books. The opening of the Paris Exhibition brought several guide-books into the lists, but the demand for them was not felt.

Miss Fowler's "The Farringdons" was without question the leading line in the books of fiction, and its perusal renewed the sale for her former works, "Isabel Carnaby" and "The Double Thread."

The following were also very successful as six-shilling novels:—"Sophia," by Stanley Weyman; "Arden Massiter," by Dr. Barry; "Andromeda," by Robert Buchanan; "Becky," by Helen Mathers; "Kings of the East," by S. C. Grier; and "Green Flag," by Conan Doyle. Following up the recent revival in Scottish literature—especially in history—two notable works appeared during the month and gained some attention: the first volume of

Andrew Lang's History of Scotland and the publication of "Aberdeen and Banff" in Blackwood's County History Series.

The sixpenny re-issue of popular works was very active, and those having the most popularity were "Diana Tempest," "By Right of Sword," "What's Bred in the Bone," and "Saracinesca."

THE COWPER CENTENARY.

MR. THOS. WRIGHT, OF OLNEY,

Who has been indefatigable in his work on behalf of the Centenary, and who is the author of the Standard Life of Cowper.

The magazine trade was a little brisker than for some time past, chiefly owing to railway sale at Eastertide. *Scribner* Easter number sold well, and *Chambers' Journal*, with several more than usually interesting articles, had a prominent place.

The demand for fashion magazines, as is customary at this season, was very good.

The enormous sale of such serial works as "Celebrities of the Army," "With the Flag to Pretoria," showed no signs of abating, and, in fact, every publication of a pictorial character readily met with purchasers.

The following is our usual list of best selling books during the month:—

Books on South Africa and the War:—
From Capetown to Ladysmith. By G. W. Steevens. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
The Natal Campaign. By B. Burleigh. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
The War to Date. By A. H. Scaife. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)
The Transvaal from Within. By T. P. Fitzpatrick. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Aletta. By Bertram Mitford. 3s. 6d. (White.)

Six Shilling Novels:—
The Farringdons. By E. T. Fowler. (Hutchinson.)
Sophia. By Stanley Weyman. (Longmans.)
Arden Massiter. By Dr. Barry. (Unwin.)
Kings of the East. By S. C. Grier. (Blackwood.)
The Green Flag. By Conan Doyle. (Smith, Elder.)
Andromeda. By Robert Buchanan. (Chatto.)
Becky. By Helen Mathers. (Pearsons.)
Féo. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder.)
In Old New York. By W. Barrett. (Macqueen.)
By Order of the Company. By M. Johnston. (Constable.)

Sixpenny Re-issues of Popular Works:—
Diana Tempest, by M. Cholmondeley; By Right of Sword, by A. W. Marchmont; What's Bred in the Bone, by Grant Allen; Jess, by Rider Haggard; The Induna's Wife, by B. Mitford; Saracinesca, by F. M. Crawford; and The Day of Temptation, by W. Le Queux.

NEW PUBLISHERS.

MR. R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

WE have to record the arrival of yet another publisher, Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, who has been appointed the London representative of the Century Company, New York, and is to be found at 8, York Buildings, Adelphi.

Mr. Brimley Johnson's name is already a familiar one in the review columns of the Press, where, however, it has hitherto appeared as a sponsor to reprints. His edition of Jane Austen (J. M. Dent and Co.) inaugurated the revival of public interest in that writer; and he has been associated with many other interesting literary enterprises, of which his "Blackwood's School Shakespeare" and his "Duckworth's Modern Plays" are now actually in course of publication.

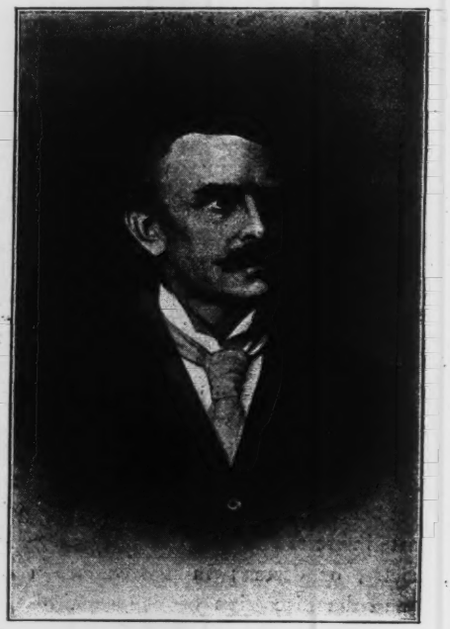
We understand, however, that as a publisher Mr. Johnson will work on different lines, and that he has no intention of adding to the already numerous libraries of English classics; nor is it likely that he will issue educational works. Though not attached to any particular school, Realistic, Symbolic, or Romantist, and not dogmatically "modern" in taste, he yet believes that the serious reading public is at heart most interested in the discovery of new talent in fiction, poetry, or drama; in the exhibition of literary criticism, and the discussion of philosophical or political problems. He hopes accordingly to issue shortly some remarkable plays by an entirely new English author, and—in the meanwhile—he is definitely announcing a "Volume of Essays on Liberalism and Imperialism" by a brilliant group of Oxford men, who maintain that the imperial complexities and party confusions of to-day may be most honourably and most effectively met by a bold appeal to Liberal principles. The essays will respectively deal with the Modern Enemies of Liberty, Imperialism and Finance, Colonial and Foreign Policy, and the Liberal Tradition in Literature.

MR. R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.
From Photo by Fredk. Hollyer.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. F. W. HAYES.

THE history of Mr. Hayes's very striking first novel, "A Kent Squire," reviewed in this number, is a remarkable one. The last page of the story contains the announcement that a sequel will be published immediately, and we understand that Mr. Hutchinson is so confident of the success of these books that he has already made arrangements to secure Mr. Hayes's future work. As a matter of fact, "A Kent Squire" and its sequel were written as a continuous story of something like 320,000 words; but when about three-quarters of the work was done the revolution in the three volume novel form made it impossible for any publisher—at all events as a first book. The author put the manuscript on the shelf and made no attempt to dispose of or complete it until a friend who had read the story urged Mr. Hayes to allow him to submit the first half (which alone was then type-written) to Messrs. Hutchinson. Their reader reported so strongly in favour of it that after some discussion it was decided to take advantage of the pure accident that the first part or nearly half of the story (fifty-two chapters out of ninety-seven) would admit of being published separately.



MR. F. W. HAYES.
From Photo by C. Henwood, Chiswick.

Our reviewer points out that the climax of the story is not reached at all in this volume, and this Mr. Hayes quite admits, for he had of course arranged that the interest of the whole story should reach its height at the end. But the present arrangement seemed to Mr. Hayes the only way to save the work, as it was hopeless to think of any "boiling down" which would bring the whole story within practicable one volume limits.

Not the least interesting feature of "A Kent Squire" is the series of altogether delightful illustrations by the author. Mr. Hayes is, of course, well known as an artist and exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and is probably the most "photogravured" man in the country. Born on the Cheshire shore of the Mersey, Mr. Hayes was brought up as an architect in Liverpool, but soon abandoned this work for landscape painting. For a time he studied art in London, returning to the North to take an active part in the resuscitation of art exhibitions and societies which occurred in the provinces in the Seventies. He was one of the founders, and for several years the honorary secretary, of the Liverpool Water-Colour Society. Mr. Hayes returned to London in 1880, and his work soon came into great demand for reproduction. His first Academy exhibit was in 1871, but he admits that he lost confidence in the R.A. when one of his large pictures, which had been ignominiously rejected one year, was hung on the line next year—without having been touched in the interval. "I don't know," he says, "which course of treatment was wrong, but it is difficult to suppose that both could have been right." Mr. Hayes is an Associate of the Royal Cambrian Academy of Arts, Conway, and as most people know has made a speciality of the scenery of North Wales.

Mr. Hayes is a man of many hobbies. He has been for many years a member of the Society for Psychical Research, and is always interested in the investigation of the various kinds of phenomena, the result of which he has used considerably in "A Kent Squire" and its sequel. He is an accomplished musician, and confesses to a great interest in amateur dramatics. His stage experience was largely responsible for "A Kent Squire," as the book and its sequel are founded on a little drama which he wrote about twenty years ago, when he was, as he says, "first bitten by the mania of acting."

"A Kent Squire" was copyrighted on March 15th simultaneously in London, New York, and Montreal, which is in its way, we think, a record, for usually the publishers on the other side of the Atlantic prefer to wait a decided success in this country before taking the risk of separate publication.

THE READER.

MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

SOME years ago an American journalist came to interview the future author of "Red Pottage." Miss Cholmondeley suffered and answered the usual more or less impertinent questions, but finally demurred at his request for a portrait. "Wall, Miss Cholmondeley," said he, "I guess I shall be redooced to one of two alternatives. Either I shall tell my people on the other side to insert with my article one of the stock portraits they have in their office—and I can assure you that our supply of beauties is pretty well exhausted!—or I shall instruct an artist to go down to the village in Shropshire where your father is Rector, and he will make a sketch of you in Hodnet Church while you are singing in the choir, at which time, as I can say without fear of contradiction, you—are—not—looking—at—your—best."

In those days Miss Cholmondeley had not the experience which has come to her since the publication of "Red Pottage," and I regret to say that she immediately produced her photograph.

Truly the path of the successful author is not roses all the way. For the last few months Miss Cholmondeley has literally been besieged by an army of publishers and editors, literary and dramatic agents, and the vast horde of camp

followers, the nondescript "literary hangers-on." The importunity of some of these gentlemen passes belief, and Miss Cholmondeley has been compelled absolutely to barricade her doors. She has been the recipient of hundreds of letters from entire strangers. Some of these documents are perfectly astounding in their audacity, and must be seen to be believed. "The abusive letters are," she says, "the most amusing. I have received an anonymous one which I am convinced was written by Mr. Gresley himself, informing me that as he is faithfully religious he has felt obliged to destroy at least one copy of 'Red Pottage.'" But the astonishing number of letters of sympathy and praise which have reached her from persons of every class have been a source of much happiness and encouragement to her in the period of inevitable depression which succeeds a great mental effort. Miss Cholmondeley has always shunned and indeed refused publicity (she has never consented to be "interviewed" in any English periodical), and her personality is certainly less known to the great outside public than that of any other popular author of the day. Many newspapers have given interesting but contradictory accounts of Miss Cholmondeley, her parentage, her home, her methods of work, the romantic story of her first book, but she informs me that these accounts, especially the often repeated history of her first literary work are all imaginary, as imaginary indeed as are many of the portraits of herself which have appeared in magazines on both sides of the Atlantic. It was, therefore, with particular pleasure that I received her kind permission to give in the columns of THE BOOKMAN a few details of her life and work, and to reproduce the interesting series of authentic portraits and photographs which accompany this article.

MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY.
From a Photo specially taken for THE BOOKMAN by Messrs. Russell and Sons.

Miss Cholmondeley is the eldest daughter of the Rev. R. H. Cholmondeley, until recently and for many years Rector of Hodnet, and formerly of Condover Hall, Shropshire. Her mother was Emily Beaumont, sister of H. R. Beaumont, Esq., of Whitley Beaumont, Yorkshire, and her grandmother was Mary Heber, sister of Bishop Heber, the well-known hymn-writer. This branch of the Cholmondeley family, which separated from the Marquis of Cholmondeley's family in the reign of James I., is directly descended from the Cholmondeleys of Vale Royal. Miss Cholmondeley's ancestress and namesake, Mary Cholmondeley, called by James I. "The Bold Lady of Cheshire," was heiress of Vale Royal, and left it to her third son, Thomas Cholmondeley, ancestor of Lord Delamere. Miss Cholmondeley's great-grandfather, Charles Cholmondeley, brother of Lord Delamere, married the heiress of Condover Hall, which was built in Elizabeth's reign by Judge Owen, whose monument lies in Westminster Abbey.

Miss Cholmondeley was born at Hodnet Rectory. She was delicate from a child, and frequent illnesses prevented her receiving regular education. She says that she never learned English grammar as a child, or since. Her style is altogether individual, but no doubt something of its purity and strength is to be traced to the immense care which was taken by her parents not only in the choice of their children's books, but also in the selection of their pictures. The picture-books which one naturally associates with the nursery were unknown to Miss Cholmondeley, who, from the first, was trained in the appreciation of the very best in literature and art. As she and her brothers and sisters grew older their father read aloud to them, in the morning before their lessons began, Paley's Evidences, Butler's Analogy, the Works of Dean Stanley, etc., truly an astonishing mental pabulum for mere children. In the evenings they were regaled with the novels of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Jane Austen, and Mrs. Gaskell. As a child Miss Cholmondeley wrote immensely. At the age of fourteen she compiled a complete history of Greece and a history of England as far as Elizabeth. History was always abhorrent to her, and she voluntarily undertook these labours in the hope of fixing historical facts in her mind. It was, however, quite useless. No word of history ever remained in her memory, nor a single vestige of the five volumes of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" and many other historical works carefully read from beginning to end.

HODNET RECTORY.

"As we grow older, we realise that in the new gardens where life leads us, we never learn the shrubs and trees by heart as we did as children in our old garden of Eden, round the little gabled house where we were born."—*Red Pottage.*

Miss Cholmondeley's first three books, "The Danvers Jewels," "Sir Charles Danvers," and "Diana Tempest," were written at Hodnet, while "A Devotee" was written at Condover. Her mother's health broke down when Miss Cholmondeley was sixteen, and for many years she took charge of the household, spending much of her time in parish work and her few spare hours in self-education. There can be no doubt, I think, that when writing of Hester's literary work in "Red Pottage" Miss Cholmondeley had in view her experience during these crowded years; indeed, it is evident to all who know anything of Miss Cholmondeley that there are many points of likeness between her and her heroine. Her books were written in moments snatched from her many duties and frequent attacks of illness. How they were ever completed Miss Cholmondeley is now quite at a loss to explain. They are monuments of indomitable perseverance, lasting testimonies to the power of the *cacoethes scribendi*, added proofs of the impossibility of quenching the literary spirit.

MISS CHOLMONDELEY AS A CHILD.

To the people of Hodnet parish Mr. Cholmondeley and all his family were deeply attached, and in their work among them they had the happiness of being ably supported by their cousins and neighbours, Major and Mrs. Algernon Heber Percy. Generally the greatest need of country life is sympathy and friendship. But the affection which united the inhabitants of Hodnet Rectory and Stoke Rectory in a bygone day, so beautifully chronicled in "Memorials of a Quiet Life," was repeated in the present generation. The friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Corbet of Stoke for Mr. Cholmondeley and his family added greatly to their happiness. Since she was a child Miss Cholmondeley has been indebted to Mr. Corbet for wise counsel and for that truest of sympathy, the sympathy which understands the aims, the hopes, the aspirations of youth.

Miss Cholmondeley wrote anonymously for several years, and frequently heard her writings discussed and their authorship asserted. They were almost invariably assumed to be the work of a man. Her first book was "The Danvers Jewels." Miss Rhoda Broughton showed the manuscript to Mr. George Bentley, who immediately accepted it for serial and volume publication. The connection thus formed lasted till Mr. Bentley's death. Miss Cholmondeley's debt of gratitude to Mr. Bentley grew with the years, and to his counsel and encouragement she owes much. He was a severe but kindly critic, who never hesitated to speak his mind when the young author's work did not reach the standard he had formed of her abilities. Each of the three books he published ("The Danvers Jewels," "Sir Charles Danvers," and "Diana Tempest") appeared first in *Temple Bar*. Miss Cholmondeley refused all offers for the serial rights of "Red Pottage," feeling

HODNET CHURCH.

that, to be fairly judged, the story must be read as a whole.

The scene of "The Danvers Jewels" is laid at Condover. The theatricals described in the book took place in

MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

Photo specially taken for THE BOOKMAN by Messrs. Russell and Sons.

the hall, of which a photograph is given—the beautiful long hall, "its walls covered with weapons, and with a long array of armour, the whole supported by massive pillars of carved white stone which rose out of the polished floor to meet the raftered ceiling." Miss Cholmondeley took part in these theatricals shortly before the story occurred to her. In "Sir Charles Danvers" Condover is again described, but this time more minutely as "Stoke Moreton." Condover is one of Miss Cholmondeley's most cherished memories. For her it is the most beautiful spot on earth, and readers of THE BOOKMAN will be interested in comparing the description of Stoke Moreton with the pictures of Condover given on another page. "Some houses, like people, have dignity. Stoke Moreton, with ivy creeping up its mellow sandstone and peeping into its long lines of mullioned windows, stood solemn and stately amid its level gardens; the low sun bringing out every line of carved stone frieze and quaint architrave, firing all the western windows, and touching the tall heads of the hollyhocks and sunflowers that stood in ordered regiments within their high walls of clipped box."

A detailed criticism of Miss Cholmondeley's novels does not come within the scope of this article, but as "The Danvers Jewels" and "Sir Charles Danvers" were published many years ago and are moreover little known to readers of "Red Pottage" (it is only recently that Miss Cholmondeley has allowed her name to appear on the title pages), a passing reference to their style and scope may be allowed. "The Danvers Jewels" is a remarkable piece of work when you remember that its author was not long out of her teens. Naturally it bears many signs of immaturity and youthfulness, but in it you find, too, the strong, clear style and the carefully planned central plot round which the story revolves, which are both such striking features in Miss Cholmondeley's subsequent work. "Sir Charles Danvers" is in every way a great advance on "The Danvers Jewels." It is the work of a writer who has found herself. The touch is sure, the characterisation clear cut, the writing individual and distinguished. It was in "Sir Charles Danvers" that Miss Cholmondeley began the study of country life which she has continued with such remarkable success in "Diana Tempest" and "Red Pottage." Those who accuse her of bias against the clergy might do well to turn to her first portrait of a clergyman in "Sir Charles Danvers," the charming, refined and humble-minded Mr. Alwynn.

It was with "Diana Tempest" that Miss Cholmondeley first came into real prominence. The central idea of the book was given to her by a chance remark at a dinner party mainly composed of racing men. One of the guests mentioned the story of a bet against the life of a child which a bookmaker had actually offered to make with the child's uncle and next heir. In this book one character is taken from life, that of "Mitty," whose photograph will, I am sure, prove of interest to all readers of "Diana Tempest," Mitty, the faithful and beloved friend and nurse for over forty years in the Cholmondeley family. Over-

THE REV. R. H. CHOLMONDELEY.

leigh Castle is taken from Gilling Castle in Yorkshire, at that time the property of Mr. H. Cholmeley. The book took three and a half years to write, and on being rewritten was cut down by a sixth of its length.

CONDOVER.

Miss Cholmondeley left Shropshire in 1896, her father having resigned the living of Hodnet owing to weak health, and having been obliged to sell Condover. Before leaving, Miss Cholmondeley made a bonfire in the glebe at Hodnet Rectory of almost all her early manuscripts, including two novels, for fear lest she should be tempted later on to publish them. The sight of her manuscripts burning remained in her mind when describing the much discussed bonfire of Hester's manuscript in "Red Pottage." Then followed, for the first time since she was sixteen, a period of leisure and gradually improving health. "Red Pottage" was begun a month after her arrival in London, and was finished nearly three years later. The central idea of "Red Pottage" is also taken from an actual occurrence. Miss Cholmondeley was told of such a scene as that between Hugh Scarlett and Lord Newhaven, pictured with such dramatic intensity in the first chapter, and has herself been in the room where Hugh Scarlett of the original tragedy killed himself. One character in "Red Pottage" is taken from life, that of the unconventional but altogether delightful Dick Vernon, who is drawn from Miss Cholmondeley's younger brother. His two first names are Richard Vernon, so called in remembrance of the connection with the old family of Vernons of Hodnet, and all who know him agree that he is just the man his sister has painted. The very characteristic photograph of "Dick Vernon" which Miss Cholmondeley has kindly allowed me to reproduce shows him in the costume he wore during his adventurous expeditions among the South Sea Islanders.

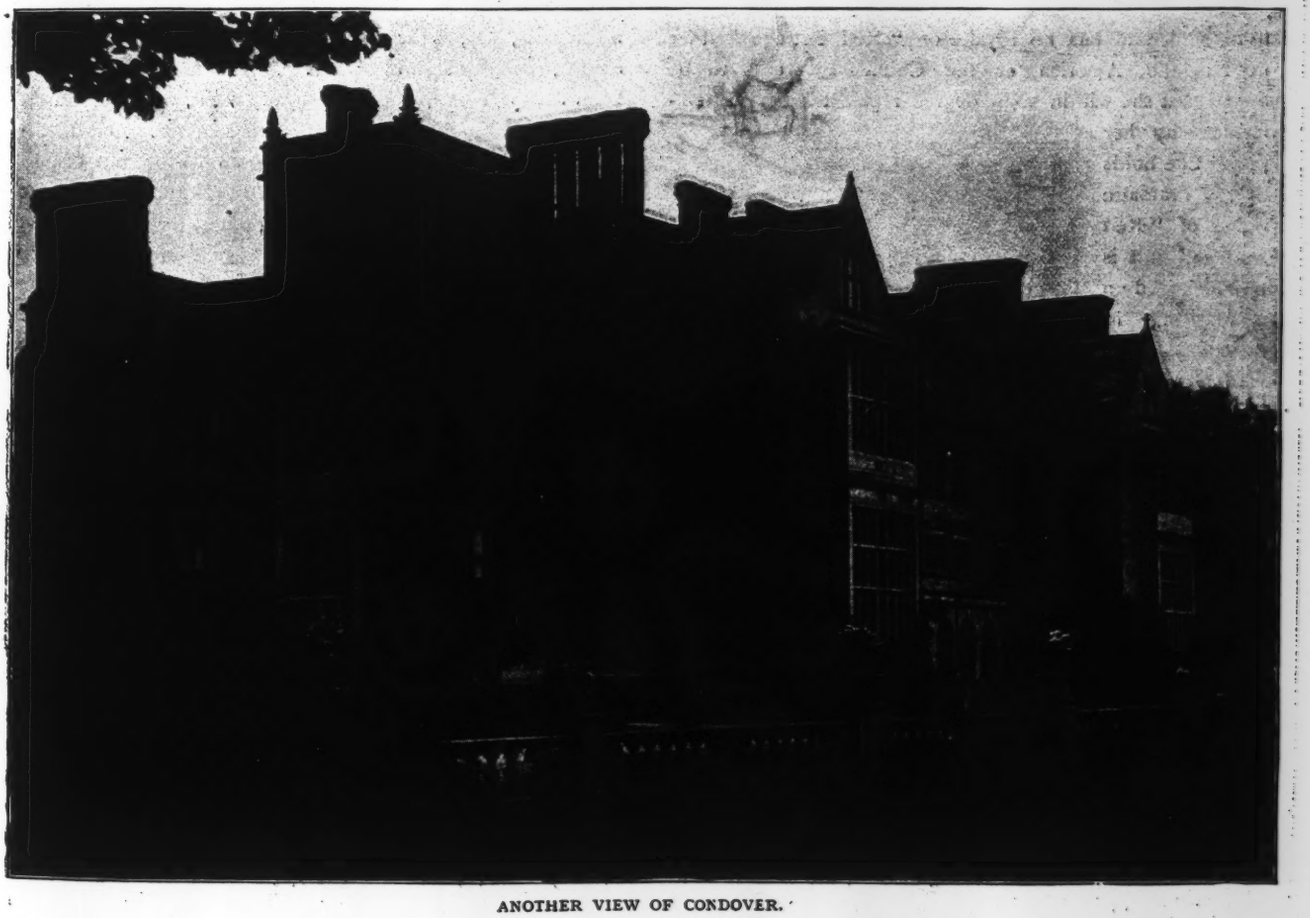
Mr. Gresley has been one of the most discussed figures in recent fiction. Miss Cholmondeley has been charged with the production of a violent and bitter caricature, and more than one critic has pronounced the Vicar of Warpington "impossible." Now if there is one class more than another of which Miss Cholmondeley is competent to write, it is the country clergy. She has lived among them; she knows them as only one who has studied and observed them for years can possibly know them. And positive proof that Miss Cholmondeley has not exaggerated her type is to be found in the fact that quite a large number of persons have written to her declaring that they see in Mr. Gresley an exact portrait of their own vicar. Mr. Gresley is not a portrait, but these letters from readers in all parts of the country who firmly believe they have discovered the original Mr. Gresley, whether Miss Cholmondeley has ever seen him or not, appear to show that he represents a large number of the country clergy. A week or two since, no less a paper than the *Guardian* devoted nearly four columns to a weighty and able article on Mr. Gresley, in the course of which Miss Cholmondeley was severely censured. Basing his criticism on an isolated quotation from "Red Pottage," the writer charged Miss Cholmondeley with an unjustifiable "libellous" attack on the High Church clergy. After a lengthy consideration of what the writer calls "the origin of the accusation which Miss Cholmondeley brings forward in company with some religious controversialists," he says, "We believe the attack to be in the main quite unjustifiable—a perverse misinterpretation alike of the principles and the methods of the High Church party. . . . That Miss Cholmondeley's assertion is a libel on the High Church clergy generally we fully believe."

Hitherto Miss Cholmondeley has not attempted to

justify her picture of Mr. Gresley, but such an article, misrepresenting as it does her views and aims, calls for some reply. "The assertion made in the article," Miss Cholmondeley writes in answer to my enquiry, "that I am attacking the High Church party by my portrait of a moderately High Church country clergyman shows me that I have failed to make my meaning clear as regards Mr. Gresley. My book must stand or fall, as far as the individual reader is concerned, by the impression it makes on him. If after careful reading he goes away with what appears to me, the writer, a false impression, it must be I who am to blame for not making my meaning more obvious. I have known many Mr. Gresleys, and quite as many of them were low Church as high Church. I have attempted, after years of patient observation, not to describe a type, not to wound a party in the Church among which I count some of my best friends, but *to create a character* as individual as I hope Captain Pratt is individual. Yet no captain in the Guards, as far as I am aware, thinks that I am attacking the army, or even their department of it, when I describe Captain Pratt, who is a worse man than Mr. Gresley. The whole point of Mr. Gresley's character appears to me to be missed if he is regarded as an accusation of a class, or as anything except what he is, namely, *a man with a closed mind*."

"Among the many interesting and widely differing expressions of opinion respecting Mr. Gresley which that gentleman has called forth, I may say that the only one which is *entirely* in sympathy with my own view and aim is to be found in the words of the Bishop of Stepney, who, preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral, said of 'Red Pottage': 'In the book there is a character of a clergyman who is to every clergyman who reads it a standing self-examination. He is a good man who attends to every church rule, who performs his religious duties with exemplary carefulness, who is most assiduous in his parish visiting, who is most regular at his early celebrations. And yet it is sketched quite naturally in the book how he is led up to do one of the most dastardly, cowardly, mistaken things in accordance with his conscience it is possible for a man to do. He reads a book in manuscript which was not intended for him to see, and which he had been asked not to look at, and then he burns it because he does not approve of it, without the consent of the author. Now such a story as that may well bring home to us this question: Has class prejudice, professional prejudice, the ways of thinking in our own little special clique, even though it is a religious clique, blinded and dulled the honest, faithful, straightforward dictates of conscience which ought to be our guide in the actions of life? We are told, and I believe truly told, that it is possible for the compass of a ship to be entirely deranged at times by the iron of the ship, or even by the attraction of the rocks disturbing in a hopeless way the needle. But if that is a possibility in the steering of a ship, does not the experience of life tell us it is a terrible possibility in the steering of souls, and that hundreds of souls are wrecked upon the rocks because they have not taken the trouble with care and patience and accuracy and self-examination to keep the needle of their conscience ever true to the kindred points of heaven and home?'"

It is generally supposed that Miss Cholmondeley is making large sums owing to the phenomenal sales of her

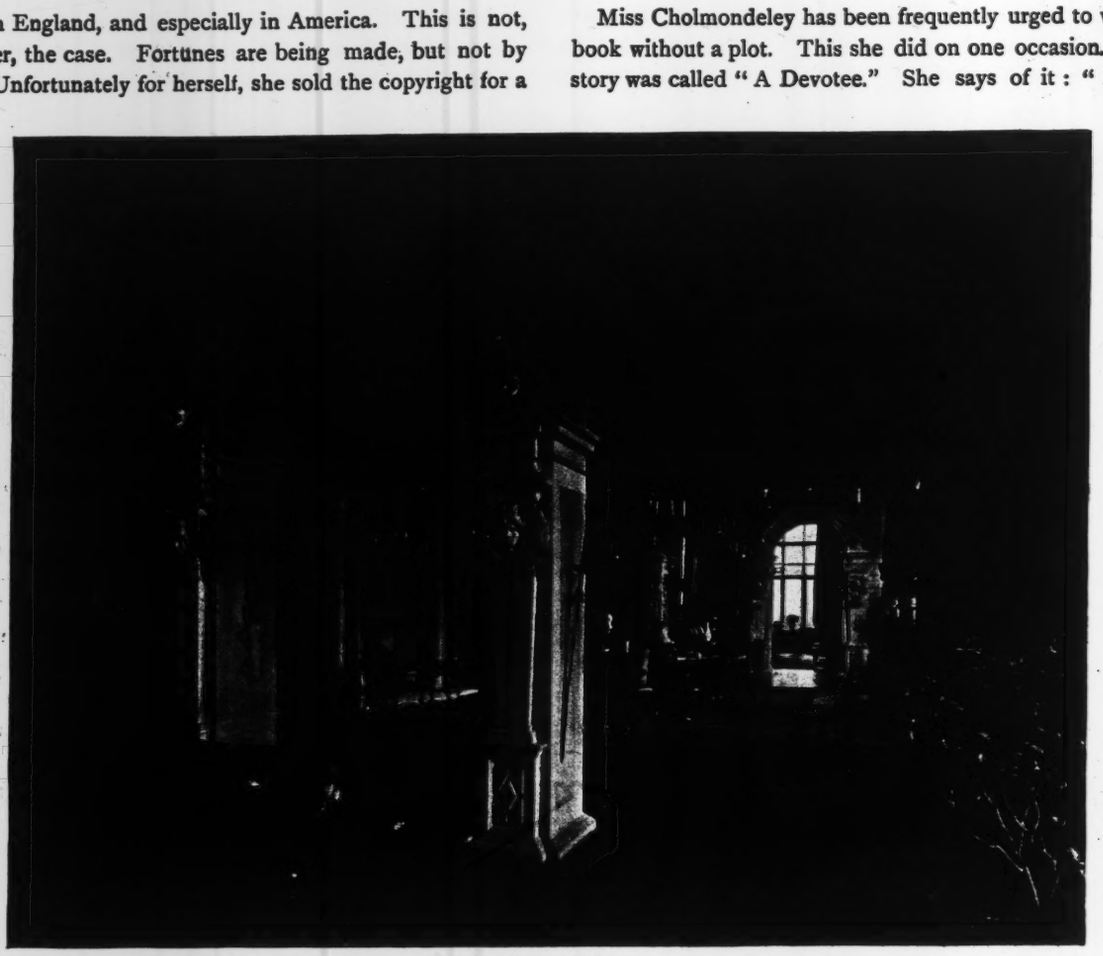


ANOTHER VIEW OF CONDOVER.

book in England, and especially in America. This is not, however, the case. Fortunes are being made, but not by her. Unfortunately for herself, she sold the copyright for a fixed sum, and has no royalty on "Red Pottage" either in England, America, or the Colonies. It is to be hoped that she will in some degree repair this grave misfortune by her play. She holds the dramatic rights of "Red Pottage," and is now engaged in dramatising it, in collaboration with Mr. Kinsey Peile. Several London and American managers have made handsome offers for the play, and Miss Cholmondeley has even been approached for the South African rights in order that the play may be produced in South Africa immediately after the war. She intends to dramatise "Diana Tempest" next, of which book she also holds the dramatic rights, and which has already been asked for in America.

"MITTY."

Miss Cholmondeley has been frequently urged to write a book without a plot. This she did on one occasion. The story was called "A Devotee." She says of it: "It had no success, and, as far as I know, no one except myself ever read it, though Mr. and Mrs. Gresley made their *début* in it. I am the fortunate owner of a royalty on it, which produced last year the lump sum of one and threepence. Out of this I owe Mr. A. P. Watt ten per cent. commission, but I have not yet had the courage to offer it to him." Now here Miss Cholmondeley certainly exaggerates, for the copy of "A Devotee" which I purchased *and read* bears the words "Second Edition" on the title-page. Still, I must admit that very few readers of "Red Pottage" seem to have heard of it. I advise them to turn without delay to the chapter which introduces Mr. and Mrs. Gresley in the words of Ian Maclaren: "He has nae mair sense o' humour than an owl, and a' aye haud that a man withoot humour sudna be allowed intae a poopit."



THE HALL, CONDOVER.

Most of Miss Cholmondeley's books have been translated into German, and applications have already been received to issue French and Russian editions of "Red Pottage." The success of "Red Pottage" has been phenomenal both in this country and in the United States, where, at the time of writing, it is selling at the rate of fifteen hundred copies a day. It was the one book that people read at a time when the war tension was at its highest, and I have heard many express their thankfulness for a story which had taken them for the moment out of reach of war's excursions and alarms. No doubt its popularity has been increased by the fact that the Queen has read it, and that the Bishop of Stepney mentioned it in the sermon already referred to. This

popularity has probably not been diminished by the fact that Miss Cholmondeley has been preached against by name from a less distinguished London pulpit.

Miss Cholmondeley writes slowly and with infinite care. The whole of "Red Pottage" was written twice, and many parts of it three or four times. She is determined that only the very best of which she is capable shall see the light. She waits, sometimes for a long time, for the central idea of her story, then plans the whole book and works slowly and almost painfully for a fixed time every day. It is no exaggeration to say that at times it seems as if she were writing with her very life blood. Nervous and intense as she is, the strain of composing such a work as "Red Pottage" is terrible. When she put her pen down after writing the last sentence she was in a state of collapse, for in order to complete the book and keep her promise to her publisher, she had been working at white heat for months.

Miss Cholmondeley's principal critics are her two sisters. That her books are ever written at all is in large measure due to their constant care of her weak health, their continual encouragement and sympathy, their unflagging zeal in all that relates to the story, and to their untiring unselfishness, extending now over many years, in saving her, whenever possible, from all irksome duties.

J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS.

"DICK VERNON."

"He certainly would not turn the other cheek to the smiter."
"I should not advise the smiter to reckon on it."—*Red Pottage.*

EDWARD FITZGERALD.*

NO one is better fitted for the task of presenting to the public the interesting, though hitherto little known life, and singular characteristics of the late Edward Fitz-

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Reproduced from the frontispiece of Mr. Glyde's Life, by kind permission of the publishers.

Gerald than Mr. Glyde, who has for many years made the history of Suffolk, and of its distinguished men, his special care. And he has given us in a pleasant form, in readable type, and in convenient size (so many books have lately been published which cannot be read without the aid of a lectern) the life of a man who had few friends, but all of them of high ability and reputation; who was hardly known, even to the literary world, until after his death; and whose lasting fame will be derived from his translation of a Persian poet, who would himself have probably remained for ever obscure, had it not been for his talented translator.

Even in 1881, Charles Keene spoke of "Ram Jam, or some other wonderful Persian name"; but during the last few years Omar "the Tentmaker," the mathematician, astronomer, and poet of the eleventh century; the man who, while protesting against the narrowness, bigotry, and austerity of the orthodox Uléma, kept aloof from the eccentricities, hypocrisy, and ravings of the Sufis, has gradually become well known in all educated circles; and admiration of the old Persian poet has naturally created a desire to know more of the East Anglian recluse, through whose studies and able writing the Rubáiyát became known to the Western world. And this curiosity could hardly be gratified in a more simple and pleasant form than in the little work which is now before us.

* "Edward FitzGerald." By John Glyde. With a Preface by Edward Clodd. 7s. 6d. (Pearson.)

Edward FitzGerald was born in 1809, at Bredfield House in Suffolk, but his father afterwards moved to Boulge Hall, close to the churchyard in which his son now lies buried; and we are told by Mr. Glyde that Mrs. FitzGerald, a handsome and somewhat eccentric woman, astonished the neighbourhood by driving about the county in a coach with four black horses. This may possibly be the origin of the present belief that a coach with headless black horses, driven by a headless coachman, drives up to Boulge Hall at midnight, to call for the elder FitzGerald. We once met a man who had stayed up all night to watch, and was "wholly frighted at the sight." In 1826, FitzGerald went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he formed a life-long friendship with Thackeray, and the short description which is given of University life at that period vividly reminds us of Thackeray's admirable paper "On Some University Snobs." Perhaps his greatest friend was the Rev. George Crabbe, Vicar of Bredfield, and eldest son of the poet. A charming picture of the home life of the vicarage and of FitzGerald's visits is given by Miss Crabbe, the only surviving member of the family. It was at her brother's house, Merton Rectory in Norfolk, that FitzGerald peacefully passed away in 1883.

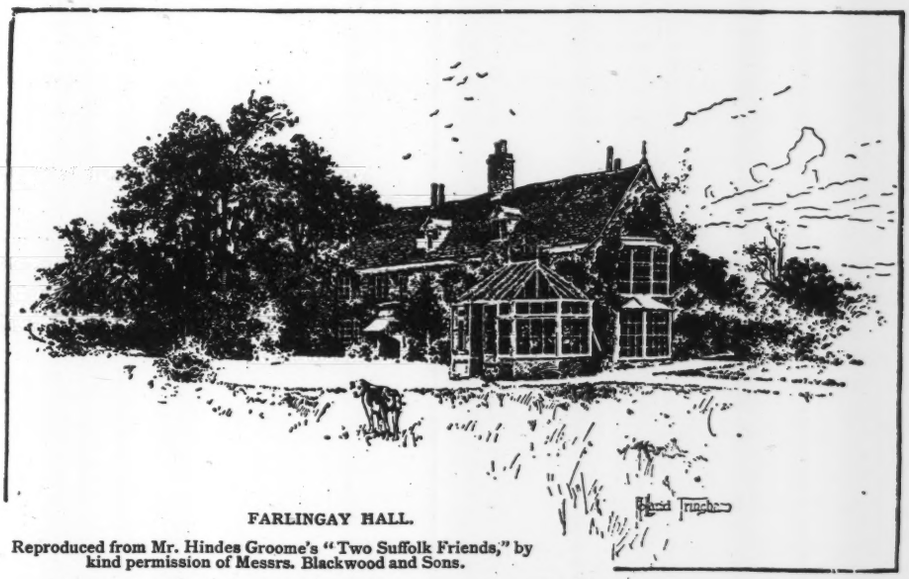
LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

Reproduced from Mr. Hindes Groome's "Two Suffolk Friends," by kind permission of Messrs. Blackwood and Sons.

In the summer of 1864 Fitzgerald bought a small farmhouse on the outskirts of Woodbridge, which he afterwards converted into Little Grange. Some nine years later Fitzgerald took up his abode at Little Grange, although the house was, he wrote, "just what I do not want, according to the usage of the bally Blunder family, of which I am a legitimate offspring."

The most interesting chapters in the work are those on FitzGerald's literary life, and his Spanish and Persian translations. Many stories are told of authors, as well as of painters, whose early works, despised by a public too blind or too uneducated to understand their merits, have been sold for the merest trifle, and after a few years have been eagerly sought after by connoisseurs from every part of the globe, and, by the enormous prices at which they have been bought, have made the fortunes of the lucky possessors. We have heard that Mr. Goschen received only £7 for his "Theory of Exchanges," one of the most useful and popular handbooks ever published. But of all the marvellous stories of the kind, nothing, we believe, equals the experience of Edward FitzGerald, whose first edition of the Rubiáyát of Omar Khayyám was not sold until the price was reduced to a penny. For that sum this admirable little work chanced to fall into the hands of Mr. Swinburne, and of some other discerning persons, who immediately perceived its value, and not long ago one of these original copies, in its unattractive brown paper wrapper, was sold at an auction for twenty guineas. Mr. Glyde has quoted several interesting appreciations of the work, of which the most charming, in feeling and in phraseology, is the address delivered by Colonel Hay, the United States Ambassador, to the Omar Khayyám Club in December, 1897. And, as has not unfrequently been the case with other authors, it is perhaps in America that subsequent editions have been most popular. But, although it is in connection with the Rubiáyát that FitzGerald's name will live, we must not forget that his translations from the Spanish of Calderon, and the Greek of Æschylus and Sophocles, are works of the highest merit.

Mr. Glyde has written an excellent chapter on FitzGerald's Library, which gives an insight into his tastes, and we must confess a sympathy with his indifference for old and curious editions, and for his criticism on Miss Austen's novels: "I think Miss Austen quite capable, in a circle



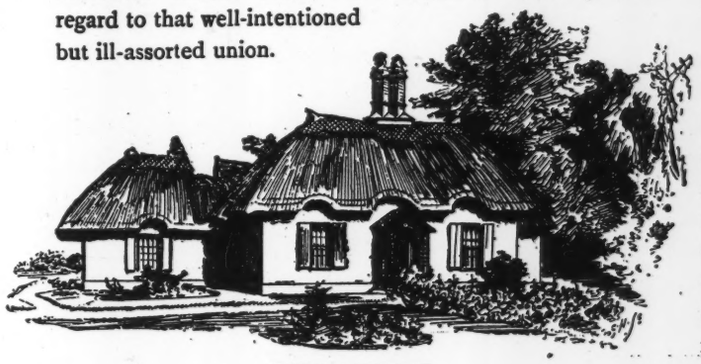
FARLINGAY HALL.

Reproduced from Mr. Hindes Groome's "Two Suffolk Friends," by kind permission of Messrs. Blackwood and Sons.

After the death of his father, Fitzgerald moved from Boulge Cottage, and took up his abode in a neighbouring farmhouse, Farlingay Hall. It was here that he entertained Carlyle in August, 1853, and to Farlingay that he returned after his unhappy marriage to Lucy Barton.

which I have found it quite unendurable to walk in." A good many people probably have the same thought, though they may not be able to express it so well.

Among FitzGerald's most intimate friends was Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet of Woodbridge, a man who acquired in his own immediate neighbourhood a reputation which was perhaps hardly justified, if we are to judge by the little fame which he obtained beyond the boundaries of his county. The narrative of FitzGerald's marriage with the daughter of his old friend, though not very interesting, is properly introduced, in order to put an end to the many ridiculous stories which have obtained currency with regard to that well-intentioned but ill-assorted union.



BOULGE COTTAGE.

Reproduced from Mr. Hindes Groome's "Two Suffolk Friends," by kind permission of Messrs. Blackwood and Sons.

For many years Fitzgerald lived in a little cottage at the gates of Boulge Hall, his father's residence. Writing to Mr. Glyde, a lady who knew Fitzgerald well says: "My father drove my mother and myself as a child in his gig one summer's evening to Boulge. Fitzgerald then occupied the cottage at the Hall gates. It was a bungalow thatched. The chaos of the room is vividly in my mind—large pictures standing against the walls, portrait on an easel, books, boots, sticks, music scattered about on tables, chairs, and floor, an open piano with music, lumber everywhere, so that there was a difficulty in emptying a chair for my mother to sit on. He himself had let us in in dressing-gown and slippers."

Between FitzGerald and Carlyle, and Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, there was a deep attachment, and some of the happiest moments of a not very happy life were spent in the company of those friends. It strikes one as curious that Lord Houghton should have been another of the small circle of FitzGerald's acquaintances, so great a difference was there between the shy, unconventional vegetarian, with his horror of fashionable life, and the brilliant talker and *bon viveur*, who was known and welcomed in almost every phase of society in Europe and America.

The late Mr. William Simpson, to whom the public are indebted for many of the most artistic illustrations in the *Illustrated London News*, when accompanying the Afghan Boundary Commission from Teheran to Central Asia in 1884, seized the opportunity of visiting the grave of Omar at Naishápúr, the ancient capital of Khorassan. He found that, according to the expressed wish of the poet—"My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it"—the grave is still overshadowed by the boughs of luxuriant rose-trees; and he brought home seeds, from which bushes have been successfully reared by Sir H. Thiselton Dyer in Kew Gardens. One of these has been planted at the head of FitzGerald's last resting-place, and every summer the red blossoms appear in Boulge Churchyard.*

The very readable little work, which we have briefly reviewed, is well prefaced with an introductory note by Mr. Edward Clodd.

BRAMPTON GURDON.

CANON ATKINSON: SCHOLAR, THINKER, AND LOVER OF THE COUNTRY.

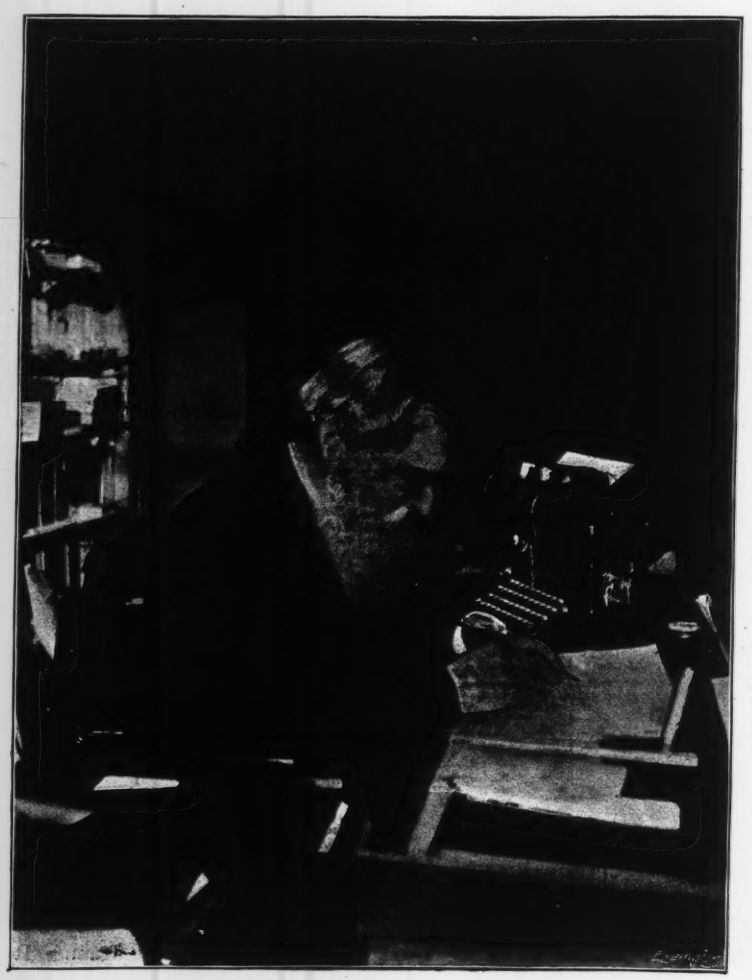
TERRIBLE as death is, when we are young and full of hope we still find comfort in the belief that out of her inexhaustible sources Nature will fill up again the breach she has made, and will send for the one who has fallen another to take up his work, fulfil his ideals, and lead men to the same light. As experience grows we see that no man is ever replaced; we may get something different, but the wisdom, the learning, the judgment that we have watched die will never come again. It is a lesson perpetually repeated, a truth written not only in our own experience, but in every page of history, where each century as it passes carries away with it some gift or grace never to be found again, irrecoverably lost to man.

The thought makes us stand with increased reverence and sorrow by every grave in which is laid a part of the human treasure so slowly gathered up and so swiftly dissipated. "When a scholar dies," Selden has said, "much learning dieth with him." Canon Atkinson of Danby, whose death was lately recorded at the age of eighty-six, was one of those men whose loss is final and irreparable. Very few

* Some of our readers may be curious to know how the name of Boulge, thus hallowed by associations, is pronounced. In one of Leech's pictures in *Punch*, a small boy is represented as reading from the base of Pitt's statue MDCCCVI., and asking what it means. "That," replies his friend, "is one of them Russian victories as this here general won in the Crimea; nobody can't pronounce the name, stupid." We are told that the same may be said of Boulge; at least, so we are informed by the County Councillor representing the district. But he inclines to think that the proper pronunciation is Bowage.

now survive of the race to which he belonged—a race happily born in a time when England had had her fill of the horrors of war, and before she had abandoned herself without reserve to the passions of successful commerce. The men who like him grew up in the years between Waterloo and the Reform Bill carry traces of a spirit easily distinguished, a belief in learning, an enthusiasm for things of the mind, which marks them off from the pupils of a later age. There will probably never be found again such a parish clergyman as he—for the type has grown unfashionable in these days, to the grievous loss and impoverishment of our country.

Canon Atkinson had nearly completed his fifty-third year as rector of Danby, among the lonely moorlands that he described so well, and the books with which he stocked his study. It is impossible to imagine the life of a scholar and a parson more finely blended together. He loved his parish as a lofty patriot might love his country, in no provincial or parochial spirit, but with a liberal and enlightened affection. Every stone had its story for him, every rift across the road, the falling timbers of an old house, or an antique name and word; his parish sent him to his books, and his books again to the parish with new zest and ardour; the life of the dalesmen was doubly honoured by him for its present and for its past, nor can I think of a higher and nobler centre of patriotism than such a man in any place. There was no need of a clamour of arms and unfurling of Union Jacks to stimulate his patriotic teaching, for no native of that country that met him, old or young, could have escaped his exalted affection for moorlands and dales consecrated by their fathers' labours for three score of generations. Sincere love and honour for the people whose life he shared for half a century enriched and illuminated his spiritual zeal. I happened to see him a few years ago, an old man, presiding over a harvest festival, and felt in his presence and conversation as I had never felt before how various and abundant may be the sources of devotion which bind a minister such as this to his parish.



THE LATE CANON ATKINSON.

The most characteristic portrait of Canon Atkinson, reproduced by kind permission of Mr. George Macmillan and the publishers of the *Sunday Magazine*.

He was indeed an extraordinary man. No one can doubt this who will re-read after ten years that fascinating book, "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish." It is a book not only to make Danby men love their parish, but Englishmen love England. Written by a man already seventy-six, it has in it his inexhaustible youth, the charm of his rare character and gifts. His observation was singular and astonishing. A narrow line cutting the road, a scarcely felt jolt of the carriage wheel, set him studying the obscure movements of the banks and the gullies and all the moorland country. His eye detected the blurred edges appearing on the stone which the railway workmen's tools had cut sharp from the hill-side, and a mind as trained and rapid as the eye immediately caught the lessons to be learned. The form of the moor banks, the chance sight of a morning mist filling the dales like a primæval ocean, possessed his imagination till his description of that mysterious scene reveals all its beauty, with no search for artificial phrases or sounding words. He knew the secrets of the birds. He loved every living thing. What a fresh open-air breeze there is in his tales of days on the moor barrow-digging, shooting, or searching for old iron-pits. What an observation is here, what common sense, what an instinct of right judgment, born out of his love of the buried centuries. But nothing in truth is more rare or more touching than his feeling for human life in its deep and hidden fountains. He respected it all. He was no collector of common folk-lore, but a reverent observer of the silent thoughts and obscure dreams of men. He learned to know them through long years of friendship, reticent and respectful, as some of the most charming pages in his book tell us; for it never occurred to Canon Atkinson that the honourable men of the dales would tell their secrets to the first comer. It is very easy to make of folk-lore tales to show the folly of the peasant, or to turn them into a strained symbolism. But Canon Atkinson did neither. He saw them truly and directly as the intimations that came to men of the surrounding powers of nature, as the imaginings of those who still lived in continual presence of these vague and impalpable forces, and had not forgotten how to wonder. The gift to do this is given to very few; it would be hard to

name another who has been able to consider with so much freshness of intelligence the men among whom his whole life was spent.

Canon Atkinson was very old as years go when I first knew him; but with indeed scarcely a trace of age about him—alert, eager to show his moorlands to any sympathetic friend, and above all to point out relics of the ancient life of the dales. He took me to an old farmhouse where a venerable room survived, furnished with its original benches and chests that had once served for the manorial court, and discussed again his perplexed problems of the manor. He had an extraordinary simplicity, come from that constant pre-occupation with the things that lay outside himself, and a sympathy for friends born of a long habit of reflecting on men and ministering to them. The only personal regret he had was a certain solitude, not the solitude of the great moors, but solitude in his problems and researches. There was no one near who cared for these things. London was far away, and there too, I felt, he might have found little sympathy for a life out-of-date. His later years had happily one solace which he deeply and thankfully acknowledged—the friendship and occasional companionship of Mr. George Macmillan. But perhaps no single thing would have given him so great a happiness as to know, if that could have been possible, that in some of the Cleveland rectories there should arise another scholar and lover of the country to continue his tradition.

His solitude, however, was that of a rare and noble figure come down, as I have said, from an older time, a stranger among the moderns. Mark Pattison, in one of his most remarkable essays, notices what he already saw going on forty years ago—the decay of learning among the English clergy—how the scholar and thinker of the past was being replaced by the hard-working parish organiser whom we know so well. And he pointed out the loss involved in such a change, a loss to the Church and to the nation. England has already seen certain old types pass away; the gentle scholar of the Vicar of Wakefield's day; the pastor of Auburn "passing rich on forty pounds a year."

> "Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
> And ne'er had changed, nor wished to change his place."

With Canon Atkinson another type, never to be replaced, disappears. When all these have gone, little observed and lamented, the Church may still have occasion to discover how great is the debt she owed to them, and what distinction they once conferred on her.

ALICE STOPFORD GREEN.

A GENERATION OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

I.

WHEN I arrived in Edinburgh to try my prentice hand in literature and journalism John Wilson had been in his grave some thirteen years, Alexander Smith was dying, Robert Louis Stevenson, an unknown lad of sixteen, was neglecting his classes at college to cultivate the first principles of style, and young advocates as they paced the hall of the Parliament House, looking out like cabmen for fares, laughed over the latest "awfully good story" of "Russel of the *Scotsman*." In other words, literature pure and simple was temporarily in the shade, literary journalism was in the ascendant. Not that Edinburgh did not possess even then some men of letters. Professor Masson was settling down to his academic work, editing *Macmillan's Magazine* and—so at least it was reported, perhaps erroneously—writing on literature and art in the *Daily Review*, the chief force in which at the time was James Bolivar Manson, an extremely clever man known to journalism in the North of England as well as in Scotland, who shortly after I arrived in Edinburgh, "tragically," as folk said, yet with enviable suddenness, while he was writing a leading article on John Bright. Besides, Professor Masson was almost as familiar with Edinburgh as he was with Aberdeen; for, if I mistake not, he spent his literary apprenticeship in the office of W. and R. Chambers. John Skelton was somewhere about, giving his immortal pen not to the details of the Poor Law, but, as "Shirley" and the Hermit of the Braids, to the writing of essays, which, if occasionally strident, were invariably literature, and not journalism. John Stuart Blackie, too, was in evidence in *Blackwood*, and still more in Princes Street—a stalking oracle of Hellenic objectivity disguised in a plaid as the Celtic Renaissance. Above all things, fourteen years—years chequered by deep depression, but not devoid of inward happiness—were before John Brown ere he was laid beside his father in the New Calton Cemetery. And in my opinion John Brown was—not perhaps a richer—but certainly a rarer spirit than R. L. S.; at his best his writing is tremulous with a spirituality which is not within the compass of the author of *Virginibus Puerisque*. But he had a conscience that was as electrically sensitive as even Stevenson's, and he kept the bulk of it for his patients. So editors could not depend upon him for a steady supply of "copy"; indeed, he regarded "copy" as a hideous monstrosity, and to the best of his ability acted up to his own belief that no man should publish "unless he has something to say and has done his best to say it aright."

But, on the whole, the Edinburgh that I found a humble position and a lofty lodging in was an Edinburgh in which literature was a tradition and journalism a force, an Edinburgh in which Christopher North was a masterful memory and Alexander Russel was a masterful personality. All the world now knows on the very best authority that John Wilson never really edited the magazine in which his best work appeared; the heads of the House of Blackwood have always obeyed the golden rule of business, and when they have wanted a thing done thoroughly have done it themselves. But Wilson will always live as the writer who in *Blackwood* was allowed most elbow room; he corresponded in the magazine very much to a functionary who in the older days of London journalism used to be known as "senior writer." Not only so, but Wilson and his (or John Blackwood's) invariably merry men were links in the chain of evolution between the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Scotsman*. Many men who have not yet passed from middle age into elderliness can remember their boyish delight over certain rolling "leaders" full of involved but perfectly intelligible and gloriously malicious (but never malignant) sentences directed against Mr. Duncan McLaren or Mr.

Francis Brown Douglas. They will remember how they could not help throwing up their caps when Adam Black was returned for Edinburgh, and his opponents were told without any compunction, "There you are down in the dirt!" But as they look back upon the past they will now admit that the way for the appearance of such "leaders" in the old days of the twice-a-week press, and in the early years of the daily papers,—"leaders" which, to tell the truth, were read and enjoyed because they were "mainly about people,"—was prepared by the Chaldeans of those magazines, of which *Blackwood* was the best known and the brightest. Hence perhaps it was that when I came to Edinburgh marvellous stories were told of the old literary viking, of his ambrosian nights, his athletic feats, his Gargantuan appetite, his how-towdies, his oysters, his "Tibbie bring in the Loch!" He was, however, but a memory, whereas Russel was a personality, in a sense also an atmosphere. There were brave men before Agamemnon; there were capable journalists before Russel and on other journals than his. To some of these Mr. Espinasse in his admirably entertaining volume of Literary Recollections has alluded; to others I also hope to allude. But at the time I am dealing with he stood alone without equal or second. Hugh Miller of the *Witness* was dead; James Hannay of the *Courant* had gone back to London, and so had Mr. Espinasse himself. There was no rival near Russel's throne, and he had come into his kingdom as a literary journalist. I say literary journalist advisedly. In these days of breathless haste and of the never-ceasing crack of the whip, when "short space have we for art's delays," most of the "bellowing brethren," to use Mr. Stead's kind phrase, will allow that, like M. Zola, they are artisans, not artists. Russel, born under a luckier star, could afford to be an artist. And he was one, according to his lights and opportunities. In one of the few and brief conversations I ever had with him, he told me he always liked to take five hours to the production of a leading article, and preferred seven. His "leader" was not a marvel of sentence-spinning in three or four paragraphs, but a piece of argumentation, or an elaborate structure of humour. And if it was "personal," that was because Russel found that he could reason better, and, so far as the general public were concerned, more effectually round a person than round a proposition or even an incident. But what I imagine to have been Russel's theory, what certainly was Russel's practice, of literary journalism, and how both, aided by an intelligence which was equally powerful on the personal and on the third personal side—these things I cannot do justice to in a purely introductory article.

DELTA.

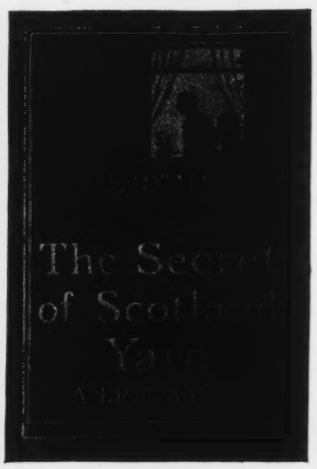
SOME NEW BOOK COVERS.

THE output of new books is still much below the average for the season. We have, however, selected some of the most effective of the covers produced during the last month.

Among the war books issued during the past month, there is no doubt that the cover of "Towards Pretoria" is certainly the most effective we have seen. The design is

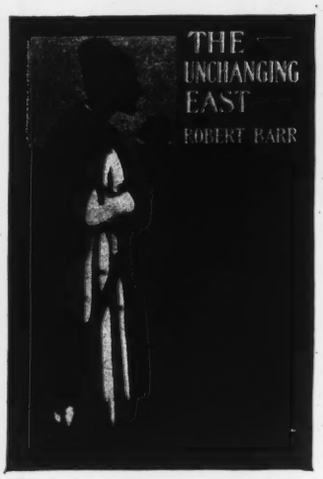
Messrs. Straker and Son in yellow, white, and black on a pale green linen.

The cover for the late Mr. Eric Bayly's new mystery story, "The Secret of Scotland Yard," is designed by



silhouette design by Mr. Claude Du Pre Cooper. It is carried out in yellow upon a grey linen by James Burn and Co., Limited.

A very effective cover indeed is that of the "Unchanging East," Mr. Robert Barr's new book, lately published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. It is the work of Mr. Munro Orr, and is carried out in sky blue, cream, deep red, and black on a terra-cotta linen.



the work of Mr. Munro Orr, and is carried out in scarlet and black upon khaki cloth. The publishers are C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.

Mr. F. R. Kimborough has designed a very effective cover for "The Wallet of Kai Lung," lately published by Mr. Grant Richards. The binding is executed by

Mr. F. R. Kimborough, and is effectively carried out in yellow, grey, and black on a dark green linen.

Mr. Bennet Burleigh's war book, "The Natal Campaign," that has been published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, has an effective

Mr. Harold Bindloss's quaintly titled book, "Ainslie's Ju-Ju," has an effective cover designed by Mr. F. R. Kimborough. It is carried out by James Burn and Co., Limited, in grass green and black on a terra-cotta linen.

A very effective cover is that of Mr. St. John Adcock's "In the Wake of the War," published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The death took place on Good Friday, after a brief illness, of Mr. William Kerr, for many years associated with the literary staff of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian* and *Evening Post*. The deceased, a Scotsman, was fifty-eight years of age, and during the greater part of his life had been identified with journalism in the Midlands. He was a brilliant and cultured writer, and his work was highly valued. His death robs his colleagues of a genial, trusty friend, and deprives Nottingham journalism of one of its brightest ornaments.

Mr. Brooks, of the *Nottingham Express* reporting staff, is now in South Africa serving with the Imperial Yeomanry.

Mr. F. A. H. Eyles, formerly editor of the *Aldershot News*, has received an appointment as sub-editor on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and commenced his duties last month.

Mr. Leonard Dudeney, who has been connected with the *Farnham Herald* for some time, has been appointed sub-editor of the *Aldershot News*.

The Surrey District of the Institute of Journalists have selected Devonshire and Cornwall for their annual summer trip in June, the South-Western Railway Company having again promised favourable terms and facilities.

A successful smoking concert was given at the Liverpool Press Club last month. Mr. Ivie Fulton, president of the club, presided, and there was a good assemblage of members.

Mr. Fred Mayer has succeeded to the chief reportership of the *Halifax Guardian*.

Mr. Lawton, reporter, has left the *Hull Daily Mail* for the Cleveland district.

Mr. W. J. Wilson, the oldest British resident in Egypt, and the *Times* correspondent, is dead.

Mr. J. E. Chamberlain, for some years assistant-editor of the National Press Agency, has resigned his position at the invitation of Mr. Harmsworth, and will shortly join the editorial staff of the *Daily Mail*. At the National Press Agency Mr. Chamberlain is succeeded as assistant-editor by Mr. W. N. Shansfield.

Mr. Myer Jack Landa, of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* sub-editorial staff, has been placed in charge of the London office of the paper.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Charles W. Brown, of the Edinburgh reporting staff of the *N.B. Daily Mail*, has been transferred to the head office in Glasgow as a junior sub-editor.

Lord Provost Mitchell Thomson, Edinburgh, who demits office this year, entertained a company of about fifty Edinburgh journalists to dinner in the Council Chambers last month. His Lordship was supported by Mr. Geddie, of the *Scotsman* and by Mr. Cunningham, president of the local branch of the Institute of Journalists.

WALES.

The death is announced of Mr. Dennis Sullivan, for many years sub-editor of the *South Wales Daily News*. Mr. Sullivan was well-known as a sporting writer.

IRELAND.

Mr. W. Algernon Locker is the new editor of the *Irish Times*.

NEW BOOKS.

MR. LANG'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

To write a critical history of Scotland is no light task. Yet this is the task to which Mr. Lang has set himself, and the first half of which he has accomplished, without in any appreciable degree diminishing the marvellously rapid and continuous flow of other work from his facile and sprightly pen. For such a task Mr. Lang has many qualifications. His tastes, being many-sided, have led him into all sorts of studies until he knows something about almost everything. Had this versatility been less developed, he would have made his mark as a specialist in not a few lines of inquiry. As it is, he is no novice even in the paths which he only treads occasionally. No matter what he deals with, he instinctively sees and seizes the salient points of a case, rarely dallies over paltry side-issues, and is keen and quick in criticism. The wide range of his knowledge, like his critical power, is conspicuous throughout his History, and its influence is felt on almost every page. On the other hand, while no one who knows Mr. Lang will believe for a moment that he could be consciously unfair to any one or to any cause, he, like other people, has his predilections and his prejudices, and these do sometimes influence him unconsciously, as in dealing with the Reformation. Again it may be doubted whether he has sufficient patience and plodding perseverance to tackle successfully many of the difficult problems with which the history of Scotland is so plentifully studded.

To write that history now, as it ought to be written, is more difficult than ever, for, although points long dubious may be definitely decided by the abundant material which record scholars have recently made available, the very abundance of that material for some periods is almost overwhelming. To sift and weigh this ever increasing mass of evidence, and in the full light of it to write a history of Scotland, comprehensive, detailed, and critical, would be an undertaking sufficient to tax the life-long energies of a competent and qualified scholar. Such a work would necessarily be a many volumed one. Unfortunately, although the size of the book may be kept down by ignoring minor incidents, minor movements, and minor difficulties, by compressing the narrative, and by discussing the most important problems as briefly as possible, yet that compressed narrative and that brief discussion, if intelligently and conscientiously done, may cost the writer as much research and as much time as would a work planned and executed on a far bigger scale. In writing a history so compressed, the temptation from which some men are never free is greatly intensified—the temptation to gather facts and quote authorities at second-hand. And for yielding to such a temptation in such circumstances much may be said in palliation. For although a historian can never be justified in speaking of the works of an earlier writer as if he had personally examined them when he has not, yet it is hardly reasonable in this hard-driven, competitive age to expect a man to put a lifetime's work within two octavo volumes, and these, at the best, appealing to a very

* "A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation." By Andrew Lang. Vol. I. 15s. net. (Blackwood.)

limited class of readers. Mr. Lang has drawn very largely on original evidence, occasionally even going behind the record publications to the MSS. themselves, and in other cases has availed himself of the works of his most competent and trustworthy predecessors. In trusting implicitly, however, to these predecessors, and also by using them and original authorities carelessly, he has fallen into errors he might otherwise have escaped.

In Mr. Lang's hands the narrative never becomes dry. He could not be dull though he tried. To some, his style may seem too light for the stately march of serious history; to others, the history will be all the more interesting that it is light, lively, and easily read, and liberally besprinkled with a countless supply of parenthetical allusions to widely separated times and people. Not a few of these allusions may to a hypercritical reader seem out of place; while others may regard them as the requisite seasoning, imparting flavour to what less skilfully managed might have proved a tasteless tale. Perhaps the least interesting chapter of the book is the one dealing with the dynasty of Kenneth Macalpine. It covers a stirring period, and could have been made exceedingly attractive; but Mr. Lang has laudably refrained, explaining that the difficulties of the theme rendered it desirable to avoid picturesque details. In this chapter he expresses the opinion that "there ought to be *two* histories of Scotland: one legendary and picturesque; one doggedly clinging to contemporary evidence. The former would be as interesting as Herodotus, for, down to 1750, the narrators had a marvellous art of embroidering the dull tissue of facts with the golden threads of romance, and the rubies and sapphires of fairy-land. This legendary Scottish history is, in one sense, the true history, for it is true to the ideal, and it is the only version that men remember." His own path, however, "shuns," he says, "the charmed woods and enchanted castles."

From Photo by] THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. ANDREW LANG. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Of the vestiges of Roman occupation, Mr. Lang says little. His description of the barrier between the Forth and the Clyde occupies less than two lines. He makes no reference whatever to Dr. Macdonald's Account of the Roman Stones in the Hunterian Museum, published more than two years ago, nor to the Report on the Antonine Wall, printed last year for the Glasgow Archæological Society. In dealing with Pictish and Celtic difficulties, Mr. Lang frequently contents himself with giving the theories of Skene, E. W. Robertson, or Principal Rhys, without committing himself to any of them. In his brief outline of the exploits of the Northmen in the ninth century, he refers, of course, to the death of Thorstein; and in a note affirms that "the Laxdaela and the Islands Landnamaboc differ, the former saying nothing of Thorstein's death." As his authority for this statement he gives simply, "Skene, i. 326"; but on this point he has quite misunderstood Skene, and had he turned up Skene's authority ("Collect. Reb. Alb. pp. 66, 69"), he would have found that Thorstein's death is distinctly mentioned in the Laxdœla saga, as well as in the Landnámabók. He again misunderstands Skene in enumerating the number and nationality of the witnesses to David's deeds before his accession to the crown.

Skene is by no means the only writer misunderstood by Mr. Lang. For example, he says, "Crannoges occur chiefly in Ayrshire, Aberdeenshire, Argyll, Fife, Galloway, Moray, Perthshire, Wigtownshire, and less frequently elsewhere." Here he is apparently following the table compiled by Dr. Munro. That table, however, is not a table of crannogs proper, but of "Lake-dwellings, artificial islands, *etc.*," and the only two it mentions in Fife were not crannogs, one being a castle in a marsh, and the other a fortalice, with moat and drawbridge, in a bog. Curiously enough, Mr. Lang has omitted from his list Dumfriesshire, in which there were real crannogs. And he has named Wigtownshire as if it were not comprehended in Galloway. Again, he takes the broch of Yarhouse as a typical broch, and summarises Dr. Joseph Anderson's account of it. In doing so he includes "querns" among the finds, but Dr. Anderson expressly says, "no querns were found." Turning to Adamnan, it is discovered that Mr. Lang also misapprehends his meaning. In telling how the awkward guest saluted Columba, Mr. Lang says, "the stranger did spill the ink over Columba's robe," whereas Adamnan merely says that "he upset the inkhorn with the hem of his garment and spilled the ink." According to Mr. Lang, when the angel smote the Druid, he not only broke the glass cup out of which he was drinking, but "cut him very much." On the other hand, Adamnan says nothing about cutting, but affirms that the angel left the Druid "gasping deeply for breath and half dead." Again, Mr. Lang says that, when, long after Columba's death, the West Highlands were afflicted by drought, the monks "walked round Iona" flapping the saint's tunic. Adamnan says they walked "round a newly ploughed and sowed field," which is a very different matter, for while the circuit of the island must be nearly ten miles, the field was probably little bigger than a good kail-yard. Coming down to the days of Robert the First, Mr. Lang observes "that the Earl of Atholl had been on the English side, Barbour says because of private feud with Edward Bruce, who loved his sister *par amours*." On the contrary, Barbour says that it was the sister of Walter Ross whom Edward Bruce so loved, while he greatly disliked his own wife, who was Atholl's sister. In dealing with the reign of James the Second, Mr. Lang alleges that "the Auchinleck author, after saying that James Livingstone was put to death, announces his

escape." The Auchinleck Chronicle is not so inconsistent. It refers to two different men as "James of Levingstoun"; but describes the one as brother of, the other as son and heir of, Sir Alexander Livingstone. The James who was beheaded was the son, the James who escaped was the brother. The foregoing are not serious errors, but they are quite enough to show that Mr. Lang's details must be received with caution.

Mr. Lang's attitude towards the English claims of supremacy and the great leaders of the Scots in the Wars of Independence is much more patriotic than some readers may be prepared to expect. Exception may nevertheless be justly taken to one of his references to Wallace. After rehearsing Hemingburgh's tale of the manner in which the Scots drowned English ecclesiastics and women, and of the narrow escape of the two canons at Perth bridge, Mr. Lang says, "the story agrees with Blind Harry's account of the ferocity of Wallace." It does not agree with Blind Harry's account of Wallace, for, over and over again, he insists that his hero was careful to protect and to spare priests and women.

Mr. Lang has devoted considerable pains and space in his text, in his notes, and in his preface to the discussion of the date and method of James the Fifth's escape from the Douglases. He does so not because the point is of any importance in itself, but simply as a test of Pitscottie's trustworthiness. The point may be briefly re-examined here as a test of Mr. Lang's own trustworthiness. Pitscottie, whose chronology is usually lax and erratic, does not profess to give the exact date, but alleges that James escaped by a midnight ride from Falkland to Stirling. Mr. Lang affirms that the true date of the escape was between the 27th and the 30th of May, and that the ride was from Edinburgh (not from Falkland) to Stirling. If the ride was from Edinburgh then Pitscottie's very picturesque account of the escape must be entirely discarded. The date assigned by Mr. Lang is supposed by him to help his Edinburgh theory; but it can be conclusively proved that his date is wrong, and that the escape was in June (not in May), 1528. In the process of forfeiture against Angus, in September of that year, it is stated that it was in the month of June last bypast that "our Soverane Lord putt himself to liberte." That he was in Stirling Castle by the 19th of June is proved, as Mr. Lang points out, by James's own letter to Northumberland of that date. The precise date of the escape may be approximately fixed by a letter which Mr. Lang has apparently overlooked—a letter from Northumberland to Wolsey. From this letter it is learned that when James's letter reached Northumberland, informing him that the expedition against the outlaws was not to take place, the English earl despatched a spy to Scotland to find out the reason. The spy reported that on the 19th of June, James, by the advice of his mother, Beaton, Arran, Argyll, Eglinton, Murray, and others, made open proclamation that neither Angus nor any other Douglas should come within seven miles of him. In the circumstances it is most unlikely that such a proclamation would be delayed one day unnecessarily.

In favour of his theory that the escape was in the end of May, Mr. Lang has two arguments. One is based on the dates when and the places where documents were granted under the great seal, but he practically owns that on this basis the date of the escape cannot be decided. His other argument is based on Pitcairn's statement that Lady Glammis was charged with being implicated with Angus "in convocating the lieges for eight days immediately preceding Jun. 1, for invasion of the King's person." In this Pitcairn was simply following the two brief memorandums, in the Records of Parliament, concerning the continuation of the summons against Lady Glammis and others, the summons itself not being entered. In the process of forfeiture against Angus, George Douglas, and Archibald Douglas, the Latin summons is inserted, and also the vernacular indorsation; and in the process against Drummond of Carnock, the Latin summons and vernacular indorsation are likewise entered. A careful perusal of these does not leave the slightest room to doubt that the true date of the convocating of the lieges at Edinburgh was the eight days immediately preceding the first of July, and that, in the memorandums concerning Lady Glammis, *June* is a clerical error for *July*. The convocation of the lieges was not before, or to prevent, the escape of James; but after the escape, and, as the summons alleges, its object was the invasion, or attack, of the King, the lords, and the lieges, who were supporting him.

Mr. Lang's affirmation that the escape was made from Edinburgh, not from Falkland, is based partly on his assumption that, when Angus wrote from Edinburgh on the 27th of May, James was with or near him. But Angus's letter does not necessarily imply that, and even though it did, it would not affect this other side of the question when the true date is known to be June. There was time enough for a removal to Falkland between the 27th of May and the day of escape. Mr. Lang relies chiefly, however, on an undated "credence" to Walter Tait, with the printed abstract of which he is so dissatisfied that he has had the MS. copied. From this copy it appears that James rode quietly and secretly from Edinburgh to Stirling; and Mr. Lang's contention that the ride thus referred to was that by which the King freed himself is strengthened by the fact that, among the lords who are said to have thereupon gone to Court, are the four earls by whom, according to Northumberland's spy, James was advised to issue his proclamation against the Douglases. Yet it would hardly be warrantable on the strength of this "credence" alone to set aside Pitscottie's statement, corroborated as it is by Buchanan, that James rode from Falkland. The MS. which Mr. Lang prints does not appear to be the original "credence," but rather an abstract of it, drawn up probably by an Englishman, and perhaps only from oral information. The scribe who could transmogrify the Earl of Lennox into the Earl of Lymoges was quite fit to substitute Edinburgh for Falkland.

Mr. Lang has compressed so much into his well-packed pages that it is hardly chivalrous to charge him with having said less on some points than he might. Of the first son of St. Margaret who occupied the Scots throne he says, "Eadgar, calling himself *Rex Scotorum*, addresses his subjects as 'Scots and English.'" Edgar indeed does so in each of the four of his documents which are reproduced in the National MSS. of Scotland; but it might have been mentioned that his brother David, in a royal charter, greets his Lothian subjects as French and English; that in several he greets his whole subjects as French, English, and Scots; that in some others he greets them as French, English, Scots, and Galwegians; that this last classification is also used by David's two royal grandsons, Malcolm the Maiden and William the Lion; and that Malcolm and William are occasionally so much more explicit that they also greet the Welsh as a fifth race among their subjects.

Although this volume closes with the tragedy of the Cardinal in 1546, it contains so much about the early period of the Reformation and the reformers that I purpose dealing separately with that part of his work elsewhere, and therefore ignore it here.

Even those whose views differ widely and seriously from Mr. Lang's on many matters, and who may feel irritated and vexed by the tone of not a few of his passages, can scarcely fail to find compensation of a kind in some corner or other of this entertaining book. Nor is there any student of Scottish history who may not readily find in Mr. Lang's pages some new combination of the old facts or some new theory to explain old difficulties. The combination and the theory may not always be satisfactory; but they are frequently striking, sometimes startling; and they are at least always interesting and worth thinking over.

D. HAY FLEMING.

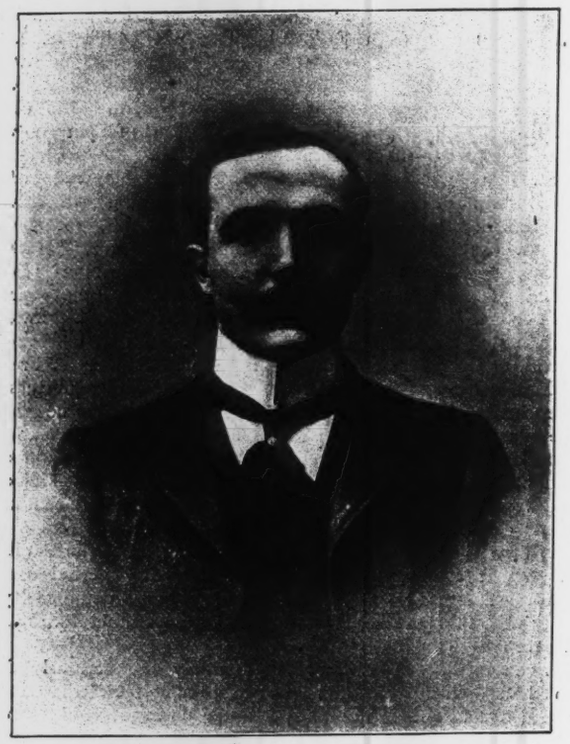
SOPHIE DOROTHEA.*

The writer of these memoirs of the unfortunate wife of George I. tells us that for the last thirty years the great part of the materials for the work which he now issues has been available. In this age of industrious book-making such neglect is very remarkable. Looked at from the point of view of romance or of history, the interest of the story is extraordinary; and Mr. Wilkins does not strike us as being too much biassed in favour of the heroine or her friends. His is an ill-made book, but a sincere, laborious, and fair-minded one. He has found his materials in many places, and he has been at much pains in proving the authenticity of the correspondence, to which the volumes owe so much of their attraction. The two ponderous volumes might have been much reduced in size. There are many useless details, there are repetitions, there are far too numerous and very trite comments, and the action of the drama is slowed unnecessarily. What is not raw material in the book is of no account. But the raw material, which

* "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen, Sophie Dorothea, Consort of George I., and her Correspondence with Philip Christopher, Count Königsmarck." By W. H. Wilkins. With 42 Portraits and Illustrations. 2 vols. 36s. (Hutchinson.)

must have cost much pains to gather, is of splendid value. An artist and a fine student of human nature should follow in Mr. Wilkins's train.

The intrigues, the teeming interests—many of them petty—the warring cliques, in the little German courts have never been more vividly suggested than in this story. The courts of the neighbouring Duchies of Hanover and Celle, with their rivalries, their jealousies, their scandals, furnish endless matter for entertainment, and on the stock from which our present royal house has sprung and the traditions by which it has been moulded, a flood of light is poured. However small may seem the jealousies to-day, they took root in men and women of robust characters, of strong wills and passions. The German phlegm, of which so much is heard, was shaken by rude dramas, amongst which that of the unhappy Sophie Dorothea is only remarkable and far from unique. Mr. Wilkins is fully



MR. W. H. WILKINS.

appreciative of the opportunities for character study which the two courts present; and if he has failed to give a clear idea of that really distinguished woman, the Electress Sophia, mother of George I., now insisting on her virtues and talents, now on her vices, and never blending the whole into one complex but quite conceivable personality, at least he suggests her as a fitting subject for a monograph. A no less interesting subject is her rival, the beautiful and noble Frenchwoman, the mother of Sophie Dorothea, a woman far more devoted, with as strong a character to fight against misfortune, but hampered by more conscience.

After all that friends and foes have said of her, Sophie Dorothea appears to us very much as she must have appeared to those of her own household before her troubles—spoilt and wilful, but not weak, with a great fund of affection in her which she must spend somehow, quick-witted, vivacious, pretty, and lovable. From first to last there is not a trace of corruption about her. Her fate is one of the most irritating in the annals of human stupidity. She was forced, protesting, into a marriage with a graceless, ill-tempered, heavy-souled lout, who was notoriously unfaithful, and who openly insulted her. The Church might have been to her a refuge had she been a Catholic. A gentler, less vivacious nature would have died. Sophie did not die. She lived to do battle for the rights of her living spirit: and when the most beautiful and the gallantest young man in Europe came along and adored her she gave her heart entirely. She was willing at least to pay highly for the privilege of loving. But the night before she was to flee with her knight, Königsmarck was foully murdered by that consummate villain, the Countess Plateu. Then followed for Sophie Dorothea an imprisonment of three and thirty years in Ahlden. Deprived of her children, of the consolations of her heroic mother, neglected yet spied upon, she lived out the weary years, with only some restricted works of charity on which to spend the vigour of her nature. One thing is notable—she never seems to have given a single regret to the throne that might have been hers.

The main interest of the book will be, of course, her letters and those of her lover's, confided to the care of his sister, Aurora Königsmarck, and for many years preserved in the University of Lund. If they have not much individuality, they tell the general story of impassioned love with obvious sincerity. From Sophie's we gather that her devotion to the beautiful Count was her whole life; while he had in war and gallantry at least some other distractions. But yet Königsmarck had probably never been more in earnest in his life; and his letters with all their extravagance, as when he signs his name in blood, are those of a man who does not risk the mere hazards of a game, but stakes his all. We may smile at the expression, as when he tells how he is near swooning at the thought of her absence—"I know not what would have happened had not my servant brought me a cordial, and even then it was a long time before I recovered," or how he keeps a bear ready to tear his heart out if his Sophie persists in snubbing him, or how he desires her guidance whether to wear a wig or his own hair. But his passion was no less real because it was fantastic. "I have composed a song in German," he writes, "about my lovely one; I sang it at a party. I told the guests that the beautiful one was called Léonnisse, and they swore that they would drink their toasts to that name, That made me happier, and I drank with them. To make the wine pleasanter, I found an old red ribbon, rather faded, which I dipped into it. You know from whom the ribbon comes." Hers, with less fantasy, have an occasional poignancy which goes very straight to the heart. "I am ill," she writes; "but my illness comes only from loving you, and I never wish to be cured." It is but the literal truth she speaks when she says, "You alone have brought joy into my life; you know that I have counted all else as nought, and all my desires are limited to pleasing you, to have you all mine. If I do not succeed, life will have nothing left for me; you alone make me love it—you will make me hate it." This is the gist of them all. Her romance brought joy, not happiness. Königsmarck, she knew, was not a stable rock. But he was the man who knew the value of her heart; and in all her three and thirty years of weary imprisonment she never felt she had wasted the best gift that was hers to give.

A. MACDONELL.

NEW ENGLAND CRITICISM.*

The greater portion of the essays which Mr. Woodberry has now brought together under the title of "Makers of Literature" were published in 1890 as "Studies in Letters and Life." Additions have been made from American periodicals of the highest class and from "The Library of the World's Best Literature." The republication attests the merit of the earlier essays, to which the more recent are in no respect inferior. Mr. Woodberry possesses in perfection what is perhaps the most distinguishing property of New England criticism, a singular purity and disinterestedness of judgment. Looking through a Massachusetts perspective glass, we seem to be contemplating the object through an atmosphere of perfect clarity. It does not follow that we behold it exactly in the same shape or in the same relation to other objects as it appears from the American point of view. Mr. Woodberry appears to us too close an adherent of the school of criticism which, following Wordsworth's principles rather than his practice, notes every element in a great writer's work except the one incommunicable element of genius, without which the rest are nought. He is thus unjust to Coleridge—not that there is any positive misstatement or absolute misappreciation except his almost complete ignoring of Coleridge's amazing powers as a literary critic—but the scale of appreciation seems faulty; he does not sufficiently recognise the surpassing merit of the work which Coleridge actually did perform, and seems to measure it by the ideal standard of the work which Coleridge might have performed if he had been a different sort of person. Landor,

* "Makers of Literature." Essays on Shelley, Landor, Browning, and others. By George Edward Woodberry. (Macmillan and Co.)

too, is too Landorian for Mr. Woodberry. The lack of development objected to him may be explained in the simplest manner by the fact, almost unparalleled in a man of his powers and ambition, that, with the sole exception of "Gebir," he wrote nothing of importance until far advanced in middle life. The Imaginary Conversations were not fairly begun until the author's forty-eighth year. It must be admitted that Landor is chiefly read in select passages, but is not this equally true of Spenser? It is surely needless to seek for reasons beyond the eight substantial ones afforded by "the eight stout octavos."

Coleridge and Landor are manifestly not sympathetic personages to Mr. Woodberry; the latter has too little spirituality, and the former's spirituality is too hazy and inactive. He values men in proportion not only to the genuineness but to the energy of the spiritual element within them. Channing, on whom he has some admirable pages, verges too closely upon quietism; and while deeply sensible of the beauty of "Marius the Epicurean," he perceives that it is after all but "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Shelley, equally spiritual and energetic, is naturally the most congenial to him of all authors; and no one has written better of Shelley the man, nor, in so far as his poetry is expressive of the inner nature, of Shelley the poet. The remarks on Harriet Shelley, and other persons connected with Shelley, in general display refreshing common sense. The curious injustice to Peacock, which is exactly what Nathaniel Hawthorne would have perpetrated, suggests the inevitable defect of the pure, delicate, and spiritually perceptive New England school, an incapacity for the appreciation of intellectual beef and beer. RICHARD GARNETT.

THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.*

Mr. Manners' Life of Granby calls for either a very long or a very short review. The book is lengthy; it is full of matter; it revives many curious political and military controversies. Our narrow space may be more usefully devoted to the singular phenomenon which it unwillingly presents to us—the mystery of Granby's popularity. Mr. Manners has done his utmost; ransacked the Rutland MSS. (which, I fancy, all escaped the Belvoir fire in 1816), the Grenville and Newcastle Papers, the correspondence of Chatham, Bedford, George III., and has read up whatever is to be read. Yet he owns that, "owing to the serious lapses in the sources of information," his memoir is rarely more than "a sketch," and that his book is mainly background. In search of stray lights upon the hero we have skipped not a sentence, not a note, and must confess the author is right.

The problem—and it is not a new one—is this. Granby's position is unparalleled in our history. With no advantage beyond his rank, which he valued so little—so far as appears, an ordinary honourable, energetic, practical, inarticulate Englishman—he was respected and idolized by the nation as its type and embodiment of British perfection. Without eloquence, without the political genius of Chatham or the party-craftsmanship of Newcastle—only mingling in the war of factions at the call of conscience and duty—too reserved to solicit, too gentle to threaten, too simple to ingratiate—he won and retained the favour of his Sovereign, the friendship of his fellow-statesmen, the confidence of his own and the respectful forbearance of the rival party. His impregnable reputation disarmed even the virulence of a Junius. Again, as a general Granby is now hardly a name, while his comrade Wolfe survives with Marlborough and Wellington. Minden to us now recalls not the glory of Granby, but the disgrace of Sackville. Emsdorf, Warburg, Vellingshausen, and Wilhelmsthal—the long and arduous campaigns which, owing to inadequate forces and a corrupt commissariat, bore so little apparent fruit—all has been eclipsed or wilfully obscured by the fame of Frederick and his rivals; for hitherto the history of the Seven Years' War has been written from the Prussian, Austrian, or French point of view. Yet Granby undoubtedly was ranked as one of the great generals of Europe in his day of great generals. He earned the entire confidence and respect of Prince Ferdinand, and, if I remember rightly, the jealousy of Frederic himself—the two best judges of the time. Trusted by his officers, idolized by his troops, at home his popularity was unbounded. His portrait was everywhere, in every medium—canvas, paper, china, pottery, metal, stone, marble, signboard-paint. His fame and influence supported the war party through years of disappointment and depression. The whole nation mourned the death of its beloved hero, "Generous Granby," "the bravest man in the world," and kept his memory green till Nelson inherited his place in its heart.

A problem indeed. No other modern hero has left so few credentials behind. He hated writing, though his few letters and despatches are excellent in their simplicity, courtesy, and good sense. He had no correspondent, no Walpole, no Boswell, and the references to him in contemporary memoirs are few and impersonal. Of his loves and friendships, of his courtship, marriage, and blameless domestic life we have only the most formal register. Our false estimate of him has been formed from the careless libels of Walpole and Junius and the anonymous fool who stigmatised him as "a signboard hero." Mr. Manners, by piecing together every scrap of information, has reconstituted the personality of Granby so far as to argue that his high reputation was not undeserved.

This estimate has not, I understand, been generally accepted. If this review has been too long delayed, it has at least given time for reflection, and I am inclined to go further than Mr. Manners, who lays most stress on Granby's moral character. My inference from the materials here first brought to light is that Granby was not only a good, but a great, possibly a very great, man. He who lacks the gift or the arts of pleasing can hardly captivate the Many and the Few alike by mere moral excellence. He must also possess some marked power of mind and will, some rare genius, however latent and uncultivated. Observe the singular deference with which this young man was always addressed by his seniors, by Newcastle, Pelham, Chatham, the old King, and by his successor too; how his advice was sought, his influence solicited, his political course anticipated and followed, and the weight carried by his rare parliamentary speeches. A burly, stupid "signboard hero" could hardly rise to this position, however splendid his patriotism, honesty, and valour. Further, I think Granby must have been a really great captain, and one of the same fibre as our own hero, Lord Roberts. We civilians cannot understand the instinct that leads the soldiers to pin their faith on some officer who seems to us merely a very ordinary, unassuming, rather old-fashioned campaigner, who neither talks, writes, nor advertises new tactics and himself. But gradually it dawns upon us that this very un-Napoleonic nonentity has a curious habit of never making mistakes, and whenever he gets a chance, of gaining very Napoleonic victories. And then we own what his followers had divined, that he has the power of commanding genius, that he is a great captain and a great man. Granby never had the chance to win or lose an Austerlitz or a Kolin, but when military critics study his military career, now for the first time fully traced for them, they will probably own that it was one of sterling, if not brilliant, efficiency, and marred by no errors. However great was Lord Granby's ability, it is of course none the less true that his attraction must ever lie in his exalted and beautiful character. We can only regret that we do not know more, nay all, about him.

Mr. Manners' book, of which too little has here been said, is extremely interesting and well written; its contributions to political and military history are considerable, and the portraits and plans inserted demand honourable mention. Y. Y.

* "Life of the Marquis of Granby." By W. E. Manners. (Macmillan and Co.)

HUXLEY'S MEMOIRS.*

The second volume of the reprinted Scientific Memoirs of Professor Huxley includes thirty-seven papers, published in the septennium 1857-1864. Of these, twenty-three, which make up the chief bulk of the volume, are only of technical interest, mostly palaeontological; but there is scarcely one of these in which some important principle or generalisation in morphology is not illustrated. In several the unfortunate spirit of hostility to his contemporary, Owen, is very obvious, but it must be admitted that Huxley has generally the best of it in all these contentions; the papers on the Nautilus, the development of fishes, and the brain of Ateles are examples. The classical paper on the parthenogenesis of Aphis and other forms is of more than merely historic interest, and his utterances on the

* "The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley." Edited by Professor Sir Michael Foster and Professor E. Ray Lankester. Vol. II. 30s. (Macmillan.)

"outward signs of the deeper internal harmonies" between vertebrates and Anthropods seem prophetic in the light of Dr. Gaskell's recent remarkable researches and hypotheses of a crustacean ancestry of vertebrates.

Some of the earliest of Professor Huxley's propagandist addresses on Darwinism are introduced, notably one on "Persistent Types" and an address on "Species and Races." The keynote of the latter is his impassioned pronouncement on the derivative origin of man. "Let man's mistaken vanity, his foolish contempt for the material world, impel him to struggle as he will, he strives in vain to break through the ties which hold him to matter and the lower forms of life."

In the later papers on the relation of man to the lower animals we have the revival of the old hippocampus controversy. In those days the number of anthropoid brains, examined by anatomists, was small, and many of these were ill-preserved and misleading. Writing this review in a museum in which are more than a score of good illustrative specimens, it seems surprising that such a question should ever have been raised; and still more remarkable that so much personal feeling should have been imported on both sides into a discussion which turned so definitely on a matter of easily observed fact, not one of interpretation.

The survey of this volume must impress the reader with the profound, minute, and accurate knowledge of detail possessed by Professor Huxley, with his amazing power of using this knowledge, of comparing and marshalling his facts, and with his wonderful felicity of description whereby even the driest and most technical of his papers can be read with interest by any one who possesses the least knowledge of the terminology of morphology.

ALEX. MACALISTER.

MR. MALLOCK'S NEW BOOK.*

Mr. Mallock's new volume is substantially an argument, clever and shallow, intended to convince the Church of England that its inevitable next step and only possible recourse is to join the Church of Rome. It has lost the authority of the Bible for its doctrines, because it can no longer believe in the inspiration of every part of Scripture, and has no infallible guide to discriminate between the inspired and uninspired portions; and if it is to retain its hold of the doctrines which, according to Mr. Mallock, alone give value to Christianity, it can find security for these doctrines nowhere else than in the Church of Rome. "If supernatural doctrine is to be maintained at all in a world which is robbing us one by one of what once seemed the objective proofs of it, whilst objective proofs of another order multiply, it can be maintained only by the witness of a supernatural and living Organism, which, *in* this world, though not *of* it, conforms, in its organic growth, to the laws which this world exhibits, just as the Christian believes that the body of Christ conformed to them; and which, furthermore, vitalised by the Divine Spirit, slowly absorbs into itself the meaning of all natural knowledge, and converting it into its own substance, makes it supernatural knowledge, not by violating the processes of man's natural intellect, but by using them." Is it possible that Mr. Mallock does not see that the very same scientific criticism which has been employed on the Bible, when turned upon the Church of Rome, makes it impossible to accept its decisions as the infallibie voice of a supernatural organism? In the face of facts the claim is nothing short of monstrous. Mr. Mallock is thrown into the arms of Rome, simply because he is afraid to exercise private judgment. He is one of those who gape for authority other than that which truth asserts in their own mind and conscience; who need a priest to feed them with the spoon. He may, with Carlyle, believe that his countrymen are "mostly fools," and that many of them seek a pretext for seceding to Rome, but it is to insult even the most limited understanding to offer nothing more specious than the flimsy affirmations of this volume. One who undertakes the responsible task of guiding a Church might be expected to have thoroughly mastered the situation. But in point of fact, Mr. Mallock manifests ignorance of all the elements of the discussion, that is to say, of the object of the Bible, of the essential significance of Christianity, of the meaning of private judgment, and of the character of the Church of Rome.

MARCUS DODS.

* "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. Being an Examination of the Intellectual Position of the Church of England." By W. H. Mallock. 7s. 6d. net. (Adam and Charles Black.)

RUSSIAN LITERATURE THROUGH POLISH GLASSES.*

"Sympathy," says Amiel, "is the first condition of criticism." Then M. Waliszewski lacks the elementary attribute of a good critic. In his contribution to the very valuable Short Histories of the Literature of the World, he has made a genuine and most praiseworthy attempt at fair and honest criticism, but his sympathies are not with Russia, not with Russian men and manners and life, and therefore not with Russian literature, the most local, the least cosmopolitan of all European literatures. The readers of M. Waliszewski's romances of thrones and empires know that he is a man of red-hot prejudices, of a thousand whims and fancies, a writer of immovable theories. These theories are always interesting, often suggestive and stimulating, and we have no wish to banish the personal element from historical and critical literature, but it is after all the heart that makes the critic. And M. Waliszewski's heart is in Poland, so near and yet so far from Russia.

We have little but praise for the purely historical portion of M. Waliszewski's book. He has bestowed infinite pains upon the collection of facts and figures; as a compilation his work is invaluable. It contains in easily available form an admirable catalogue of Russian authors and literature from the epic age to the days of Tolstoi, and for thus evolving order out of a chaotic mass of bibliographies M. Waliszewski deserves well of all students of foreign letters. Reinhold in Germany, Dupuy and de Vogüé in France, have covered somewhat similar ground, but in this country M. Waliszewski has the honour of the pioneer. Owing to the terrible French transliteration of Russian names which is adopted throughout the work, sometimes with truly astonishing results, it is not altogether safe to write of omissions, but there are one or two authors of whom we can find no mention, and who deserve a place in such a complete record. In the section devoted to the "Moscow School," room should have certainly been found for some notice of the poet Heraskov, not on account of his poetry, which was practically worthless, but because he, as superintendent of the University, did much to support Novikov, the prophet of the "Society of the Friends of Learning." We can find no reference to Homiakoff, the poet and authority on Russian ethnography, one of the most enthusiastic of the Slavophiles, the "men of the soil," whose very real work, at least on behalf of Science, is, we think, not sufficiently recognised by M. Waliszewski. No account of the Russian printing press is complete without a paragraph on the Metropolitan Makarius, who was instrumental in its foundation in the days of Ivan the Terrible, and was the author of a work on the Saints which is still read in Russia. We miss, too, the names of Venevitinov, one of the most picturesque figures in modern Russian literature, the young poet and friend of Pouchkine, who died at the age of twenty-one in the forefront of the movement initiated by Bielinski; of Bolotov, the diarist, and of Hilverding, to whom we owe much of our knowledge of the earliest Russian sagas. But by far the most serious omissions are to be found in the section which deals with living writers, which is especially incomplete in its survey of current critical and historical literature.

It is not necessary to enter into any details of M. Waliszewski's weakness as a critic, for every reader will discover proof enough of the author's lack of sympathy with his subject and antagonism to the Russian "idea" before he turns a dozen pages. M. Waliszewski admits that he does not understand, and he certainly does not appreciate, the mysticism which broods over the Russian spirit, and is such a force in Russian literature. His estimates of Gogol, Dostoievski, and especially of Tourgueniev (we make use of M. Waliszewski's spelling under protest), are singularly deficient, and one has only to read his criticism of Tourgueniev's great central characters to realise how dark are M. Waliszewski's Polish glasses. The chapter on Tolstoi is, however, an enlightening and thoroughly sympathetic piece of work, the best piece of critical writing in the book. It is spoiled by an extraordinary appeal beginning, "Great Writer of the Russian Soil!" which covers several pages and is peppered with interjections.

A word must be said of the style of the book. We understand that M. Waliszewski actually wrote in English, and this being the case, we congratulate him on his mastery of the language. Here and there one comes across a grotesque phrase,

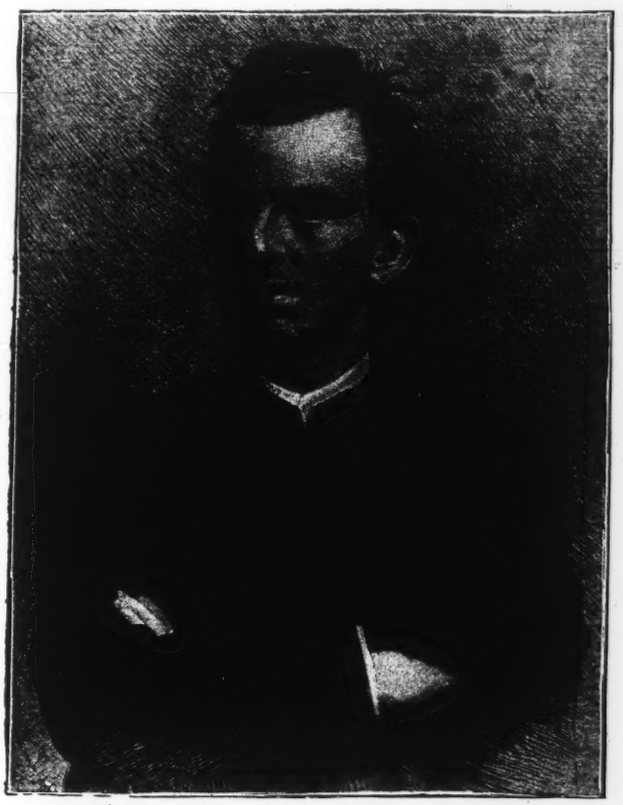
* "A History of Russian Literature." By K. Waliszewski. 6s. (Heinemann.)

but on the whole the writing is clear and forceful. We are altogether opposed to many of M. Waliszewski's opinions but we willingly admit that they are always admirably expressed, and never commonplace. His theories will serve as excellent grindstones upon which those who have some acquaintance with Russian literature may sharpen their knowledge. The fault we find with the work, and in such a series it is a most serious fault, is simply that the author is incapable of unbiassed judgment, and therefore is in many instances as blind as those he would guide. In his own words, he is an interpreter between two worlds, in each of which he is half a stranger.

J. E. H. W.

THE SUNKEN BELL.*

In reading this English version of Hauptmann's fairy play, one must make allowances for both the original and the translation. Much of the beauty has disappeared in this rendering. Too



GERHART HAUPTMANN.

heavy, too rough a hand has occasionally sought to drag forth the shy meaning. On the other hand, Mr. Meltzer has oftener astonished us by his skill, for his task has been an extraordinarily difficult one. He has not only had to meet the difficulty belonging to the rendering of every poetical drama, but the original is in parts, it must be said, clumsy, is too lengthy, and sometimes too rhetorical. More than in any other play of Hauptmann we have to accept the beauty of the idea as compensating for defects of workmanship. In spite of the care and detail he has bestowed on the fairy portion, he has failed to interest us save in the human story, and the elves and sprites occupy the stage rather disproportionately, therefore. From them and not from sad humanity come the heavy weights that sometimes oppress us while we read.

The motive is a very old, an ever new one, the constant plaint of the idealists, the artists of the world, ever misunderstood by the general. The aspiring human being halts and faints in his work among the simple folk, the domesticities, the conventionalities on his everyday plane. If a breath and voice from the divine stirs him and calls him, farewell the simple folk, the domesticities, the conventionalities. He is away to dwell aloft. Or, if he obey not, he is a dead man. And if he obey, and whether he accomplish something up there or not, the Nemesis of all that desert the common ways, the common duties, reaches him on the heights, and drags him down. Heinrich, the bell-founder, after a great failure, when his work is lost in the mere, is torn from his wife Magda and his two boys by Rautendelein, an elfin creature. With her he has a new lease of life and of power. His work is now a great chime, proclaiming a new gospel of hope and light, heralding the outburst of the Sun, the regeneration of the world.

> The dead Redeemer, by the Sun set free,
> His prisoned limbs shall stir from their long sleep,
> And, radiant with the joy of endless youth,
> Come down, Himself a youth, into the May!

But man is man, and no god. His past dogs him. That sunken bell booms still below the waters—.

> the mouth of the bell is choked with blood!
> Woe, woe, to thee, man, when it tolls again!

Two little shadows break into his dream, two little lads with bare white feet that hold an urn between them, his own boys, who tell him when he asks about their mother, she is "with the lilies—the water-lilies." And then the sunken bell sounds loud. One more scene there is, and yet again Heinrich is seeking his dream, inevitably, unrepentantly.

We have named some defects. They are all common to poetry of this order. The symbol is not always good enough to stand by itself independent of the meaning. And the meaning is mouthed too much, instead of being conveyed by suggestive flashes. But it is a noble, a beautiful play, and, to the joy and the sorrow of the world, likewise a common human tragedy.

*. "The Sunken Bell." A Fairy Play in Five Acts. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Freely rendered into English Verse by Charles Henry Meltzer. (Heinemann.)

THE RENAISSANCE AND MODERN ART.*

Mr. Goodyear has a genuine admiration of the luxuriance of the Renascence, but there is nothing luxuriant about Mr. Goodyear. His work has all the lucidity and inaccuracy of an educational text-book. Considered as history its greatest fault is that it seems to regard the Renascence as a sort of earthquake: a definite incident to which a date can be attached. In the year 1400 A.D. (day and hour unknown) an acute sensation went through society and everyone became brilliantly clever. Mr. Goodyear is almost truculent about it. "No one can deny," he says, "that modern art and history began about this time." We are conscious of our human limitations, but we think we could deny it if we tried. We cannot conceive why modern art and history should begin at one arbitrary date, years after half the nationalities were formed, half the constitutions founded, half the great literatures splendidly begun, after Dante, Chaucer, Petrarch, Giotto, after Parliaments had long disputed in England and scholars at Paris and Oxford, after the beautiful dawn of painting and the golden age of architecture. We are sometimes inclined to think, so definite does his subject seem to him, that Mr. Goodyear shares the remarkable impression which fixed itself in the mind of Mr. Mark Twain, and believes that Renascence was a man. We are inclined to ask with the august simplicity of that American pilgrim, "Who was this Renascence, and who gave him permission to cover the Republic with his daubs?"

In his later chapters, Mr. Goodyear has many good suggestions as to where the Renascence went to, but his whole book gives us no hint of what it came from. There is not a single chapter on the art of the Middle Ages. In the beginning was the Renascence, and without it nothing was made which is made. We venture to think the matter demands a more reasonable reply.

The Middle Age, on the eve of the Renascence, was not, as so often represented, a child about to find a treasure, but a sagacious merchant and man of the world retiring from business and gaining, as such men often gain, a second youth in the growth of imagination and artistic feeling. The man of action is born again; he becomes as a little child. Now this glance round at the beauty of the world, this growth not of the reason but of the senses, this vital spirit of the Renascence, was doubtless precipitated by the fall of Byzantium. But it had grown and lived throughout the Middle Ages; in that strange Renascence conception of Dante of learning as one of the loves and revelries of youth, in Chaucer's infantine consciousness of the green and gracious earth. But while we

* "The Renaissance and Modern Art." By W. H. Goodyear. 6s. (Macmillan.)

place the dawn of the Renascence art spirit earlier than Mr. Goodyear places it, we are also inclined to terminate it earlier. We doubt, in fact, the whole conception of Mr. Goodyear's book when it treats the Renascence as a thing directly operative throughout later centuries. Because art never went back to gold-leaf backgrounds we must not assume that the Renascence was eternal. And what had that spring-time of spiritual art to do with the artists whose lying allegories sprawl on the ceilings of Henri Quatre? Were they born again? Had they become as little children? Were not rather all centuries till this sickened with their senile immortality, always dying and never dead?

MR. WEYMAN HIMSELF AGAIN.*

Mr. Weyman is himself again. Another "Shrewsbury," and we should have been compelled to start our review with *Hic jacet*, and write an obituary notice of the author of "A Gentleman of France." But "Sophia" is eloquent of recovery, a recovery as thorough and complete as it is welcome. Mr. Weyman has written nothing better than "Sophia," nothing more vigorous, more vivacious, more absorbing. It is a masterly romance, planned and plotted and pictured by master hands. Mr. Weyman has received many "kind enquiries" during the past year or two, and his new novel is the best thanks he can offer to his readers and his critics.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN.
From Photo by Russell and Son.

It is never difficult to criticise a novel of this kind. You can pile up instances of exaggerated coincidences, you can make a collection of impossibilities and improbabilities, you can point to ancient devices and well-worn characters and time-honoured episodes. "Sophia" contains examples of the most extraordinary coincidences ever conceived in the mind of romancer, and in parts it is improbable beyond the dreams of Mr. Guy Boothby; its theme is old as chivalry. But these are not the things that matter. It is only dulness that condemns. Does the story move, and have being? Does the reader live in the story? does he feel, love, hate, fear, hope, despair with its characters? Does he shudder when death and worse than death clutch at Sophia, touch the hem of her garments? Is he, too, "thankful, so thankful," when the shadows flee? No—spells failure, Yes—success. Yes.

There are several very definite recipes for romance, to neglect which is to court certain disaster. And the greatest of these is that the central characters command respect, admiration and, if possible, affection. In a word your hero and heroine must be heroic—and heroism is not necessarily all of swords; there is heroic villainy, heroic gentleness. But fashion your hero from a simpleton, a weakling, a nincompoop, your heroine from a nonentity, a thing of littleness, and your failure is as sure as was Mr. Weyman's in his last novels. In "Sophia" there is no attempt at evading this first law. Sophia herself is no bread-and-butter Miss, Lady Betty no pattern of maidenly modesty, Sir Hervey is a man of an unsavoury past, Tom not a little of a rogue, but all are of flesh and blood, and in all there is some soul of greatness. In the testing times they stand firm.

We have said that "Sophia" bears comparison with Mr. Weyman's best. It contains at least one chapter, "King Smallpox," which for sheer dramatic power is unrivalled, which holds every nerve on the strain, which grips, which hurts. It is full of adventures which whip the blood until the reader is hot with excitement and enthusiasm. It is gay with the brightest comedy, black with the deepest villainy. It is aglow with the life of the Eighteenth Century compared with which the existence of these days is a thing of grey and drab.

We have but one suggestion for the author of "Sophia." We trust he will remember that greatness and heroism are not monopolies of the "higher classes." In "Sophia" those whose names are not enrolled in the upper ten thousand are fools or rascals. This is neither history nor art.

* "Sophia." By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Longmans.)

MISS FOWLER'S NEW NOVEL.*

"The Farringdons" is the best book Miss Fowler has written; it reveals, too, the promise of still better books to come. All the charm of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" and "A Double Thread" is here: the amazing cleverness, the sparkle and brightness of an intense joy in living, the brilliant dialogue, the wealth of epigram, the gayest humour, the moving crowd of characters from every grade touched into vivid being in the turn of a phrase. All this is in "The Farringdons" and something more, a new note, deep, strong, infinitely tender and touching. In the earlier books you might catch occasional echoes of this voice, but here it rings out clear and firm, the voice of one who has looked long into the deep things of God and man, and has tried to understand. You cannot read "The Farringdons" without feeling that much has been understood.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about all Miss Fowler's writing is its total lack of bitterness. In a sense she is pitiless; nothing escapes her, her eyes are terrible, her scrutiny piercing, dividing the very soul. Imagine for a moment what "The Farringdons" might have been in the hands of—no need to mention names, we all know authors whose insight into the hidden ways of life has brought nothing but bitterness and cynicism, distrust and sarcasm. But Miss Fowler's sympathy and tenderness, always broader than the measure of most minds, grow with knowledge. In "The Farringdons" there is much more of love and pity and kindness—you may sum all up in "heart"—more heart than in any of her previous work. Miss

* "The Farringdons." By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Fowler is no longer one who looks on, easily tolerant, smiling at frail and feeble humanity. She has entered the inner chamber of life and writes from the heart to the heart. And so, sunny as the story is, there are in it, too, touches of sorrow and pain and the tragedy of souls deceived, touches which add to its power, its life-likeness and its beauty. For sunshine is brightest after rain.

"The Farringdons" shows, moreover, a distinct advance in Miss Fowler's powers of literary workmanship. The characterisation has always been clear cut; here it is more polished, more complete, the writing more certain than ever. The plan and plot, the fabric of the story, are most carefully hewn and finely balanced, the foundations well and truly laid, and the whole structure an artistic triumph. Altogether "The Farringdons" is a fine and strong story, brilliant, amusing, and, above all, moving.

MISS NORA HOPPER'S POEMS.*

This dainty book of songs is almost harmed by its own pleasantness. Miss Hopper has such a knack of pretty phrases, of happy rhymes and rhythms; she is so evenly optimistic that our first keen delight in the melodious utterance of a fortunate nature and experience once over, we are lulled rather than stirred by the unfailing sweetness of the tune. There are no harshnesses; there are no bitter words, few obscurities, to pull us up, or sting us to search or contradiction. And the superficial reader, who enjoys her verse with placid gratitude and then straightway goes and forgets it, and would be placidly glad once more to read it, is doing no great injustice to her achievements up to this date. She has saturated herself with folk song and legend, and she reproduces them not as a mere imitator, but because the happiest and gracefullest are akin to her own nature. Her verse is far above mere literary excellence. Yet till now it seems rather the outcome of a happy atmosphere in which she has chosen, and fortune has allowed her to dwell, rather than something forced out of the deep, unconsciously gained experience of the spirit. "Songs of the Morning" is an apt title, and not for this volume only; nearly all the work she has given us is full of youth, faith, fresh hope, borrowed memories with personal promise in them.

MISS NORA HOPPER.

But if her facility do not wreck the best chance open to a poet of her ability, she may yet earn better praise than as a singer of pleasant things. There are in this volume signs of a profounder, more individual vision, hardly enough to leaven the whole effectively, but enough to stop a lover of poetry from finally classing her. She has perhaps not shown all her hand. Yet, in calling special attention to the poems of robuster, maturer feeling we do her a certain wrong. The real "Songs of the Morning" are more perfect in execution. To "Life Outside" we have attached a meaning which Miss Hopper does not decisively stamp on the poem. And in the "Gipsy Song" the refrain "My Dear" is curiously out of place. But when we have forgotten much that pleased and soothed in her verse, we shall remember at least those two that stirred, and this one in particular:—

You are the safe and firelit room,
I am the open wold;
You are the city, and this your doom—
Never to feel the outer cold,
Never to fear the inner dark,
Never to strain the ears, and hark
For any foot but the foot of Time;
Never to know a loss worth gain
Or soul that's worth the birthing-pain;
Never to find hill worth the climb
Or joy that may be worth the tear—
My Dear!

You are shut in from snow and sleet,
I am out in the wind;
My feet are strange to the trodden street
As you are strange to the winds that beat,
The mists that hover and blind.
I cannot stay, you cannot bind—
My hands unclasp and let you go,
As if you were no more than snow
That slips away from one in rain.
I love you, yet our souls are twain,
For I am knowledge, you are fear,
My Dear.

* "Songs of the Morning." By Nora Hopper. 3s. 6d. net. (Richards.)

LITERARY SNAP-SHOOTERS.*

That a great amount has been and that a great amount more will be written about the present Boer war is unfortunately the truth; unfortunately, because most of it is neither literature nor good criticism. Take it as a whole, modern war correspondence is as heartless or rather as soulless as photography holding to literature precisely the same position as photography does to art. A work of art takes a broad general view of its subject, and having selected the salient points places them before the spectator with a judiciously arranged background and support, giving as a whole an impression of truth; the photographer and the literary "snap-shooter," if we may coin the word, work on just the reverse system; unimportant items are emphasised and magnified out of all proportion, and only dimly in the background do we see the matters of real import and the true inwardness of events. The war correspondent as a rule deals merely with the outwardness, the man-of-letters and the historian deals with more than that. Mr. Bennet Burleigh and Mr. Julian Ralph may be taken as fairly typical examples of the "famous" war correspondent of the "old" and "new" schools, and their work, to take a theatrical simile, may well be compared to Adelphi melodramas and modern problem plays; the first, broad, lurid, impressive to the easily impressionable, the latter making a huge pretence of realism while really perhaps as far from the truth as the former; both we believe in many ways misleading. Mr. J. B. Atkins hardly belongs to either of the above classes, striving neither after the fine frenzy of the former nor the forced phrase-making of the latter; and in spite of his modestly assumed ignorance of the science and art of war, is a naturally shrewd and commonsense critic.

Pleasure and regret accompanied us as we read the last pages, the last words, written by Mr. G. W. Steevens. Steevens, while not neglecting details, did not permit them to blur his view of essentials, and while fully alive to the pomp and circumstance of war, he felt keenly its pathos. "From Capetown to Ladysmith" contains some of his best work, vivid, well-written, with occasional lapses into journalese, terse, vigorous and broad-viewed. We know few more touching or true pieces of writing in latter-day literature than the chapter in this volume called "The Bivouac," an account of the terrible night passed by our troops in wet and darkness after the battle of Elandslaaghte. The book abounds in moving, memorable phrases. Speaking of the kindness of our men to the Boer wounded, what could be happier than "In the afternoon Tommy was a hero, in the evening he was a gentleman"? Touching, too, in another chapter, a diary of the dulness of the siege of Ladysmith, are the lines, "Beyond is the world—war and love. Clery marching on Colenso, and all that a man holds dear in a little island under the north star. But you sit here idly to be shot at. You are of it, but not in it—clean out of the world. To your world and to yourself you are every bit as good as dead—except that dead men have no time to fill in." It is those who are left who fill in their time mourning for those who are dead.

* "From Capetown to Ladysmith." By G. W. Steevens. 3s. 6d. Edited by Vernon Blackburn. (Blackwood.).
"The Natal Campaign." By Bennet Burleigh. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
"Towards Pretoria." By Julian Ralph. 6s. (C. Arthur Pearson.)
"The Relief of Ladysmith." By John Black Atkins. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE LOVE OF PARSON LORD, and Other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins. Illustrated. 6s. (Harpers.)

There is nothing new to be said of Miss Wilkins; but it is always worth while spreading the news that she has sent out a new book that can stand honourably by the side of her old ones. Here, save in the tale of Catherine Carr, which strikes

MISS MARY E. WILKINS.

A new portrait of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, from a miniature reproduced from the frontispiece of her new book by kind permission of Messrs. Harper Bros.

a more heroic, or rather a more military note than usual, the stories are made out of the material she has made us know so well and feel so much curiosity about. She has not come to the end of her digging in New England hearts, nor shown all the beauty hidden in the starved soil, nor all the grim tragedy. Strange, with all her daintiness, no writer of to-day has more ugly things to tell out of her record of life. In one light the title story is a pretty idyll of a girl and a doll, and of the same girl with a devoted lover. But the circumstances, out of which the child so fearfully snatches her happiness, are ghastly, and a sensitive reader will shudder no less at this revelation of cruel, clean austerity than at some tale of the horrors of the Inquisition. The chief treasure of the volume is, we think, "One Good Time," in which the glorious dream of all the household drudges of the earth is pictured forth with much sympathy.

THE BISHOP'S SECRET. By Fergus Hume. 3s. 6d. (John Long.)

Mr. Fergus Hume knows how to keep a secret. His new story may not be quite so sensational as some of his earlier ones, but none of the old ingenuity or skilful weaving of threads is wanting in it. With such a set of circumstances as are represented here—where a bishop is the centre figure, the bishop's chaplain, "a Jesuit in disguise," plays the part of amateur detective, and the whole circle of ecclesiastical society is keen for gossip, not to say scandal—the reader may expect interesting situations; he certainly gets them in this volume. Here, too, we are introduced to an entirely original style of detective. Ben Baltic, after a very indifferent career in Samoa, becomes a reformed character, and, subsequently, a combination of missionary and private enquiry agent; his self-ordained duty consisting in hunting down law-breakers and forcing them, when their case is hopeless, into the paths of truth and righteousness; his success is variable, but he is an entertaining character. Mr. Fergus Hume has in this volume succeeded once again in producing a detective story which is at the same time a novel; he has produced it in a racy and well-sustained manner, too; and what a lot of Latin he knows!

BREAKING THE SHACKLES. By Frank Barrett. 6s. (Macqueen.)

The shackles seemed to be fixed very fast round Dr. Monroe, "doing" his time in Portland, and, in spite of his good friends and his devoted wife, we have a feeling of hopelessness from the beginning. Mr. Barrett sends our spirits up and down a score of times while he describes the investigations, the plots, the signals, the machinations of the evil and the ingenuities of the good, in his excellent story of crime and detection. He is not too indulgent to sentimental readers. The innocent man escapes from prison only to die. But then Mr. Barrett was in a difficulty. For unless the lady were free, how was he to reward the unparalleled devotion of her friend and the convict's, Captain Tom?

THE ENGRAFTED ROSE. By Emma Brooke. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Surely now, if not before, Miss Brooke has found herself. Her book, "The Engrafted Rose," is a work of unhurried excellence. Cleverness, and a steady, certain power impress themselves on us in every chapter; and not only cleverness and power, but also the understanding which comes from the heart alone. There is no single character in the story who has been treated with a moment's carelessness; there is not one which could be spared. The main motive of the book is the development of a girl's strong nature, and in accomplishing this, the development of other natures, weak and strong, is skilfully shown. Events are deftly woven and the plot goes forward with inevitableness; but first, and beyond all, the author gives her intellect and her care to the depicting of Rosamunda, the beautiful, strong-willed, strong-hearted "engrafted rose," and in the face of this creation the actual story, the plot, the rights and wrongs of the other characters, good as they all are, take a secondary place. In a different manner, but with scarcely less of talent and ability, has been depicted the character of Mrs. Thoresbye, the supposed mother of the heroine; she is one of the chief delights of the book, fresh and unique to the end of the story. Miss Brooke indeed convinces us of her powers of observation and insight. There is one small point on which we differ from the novelist. In the supremest moment of

MISS EMMA BROOKE.

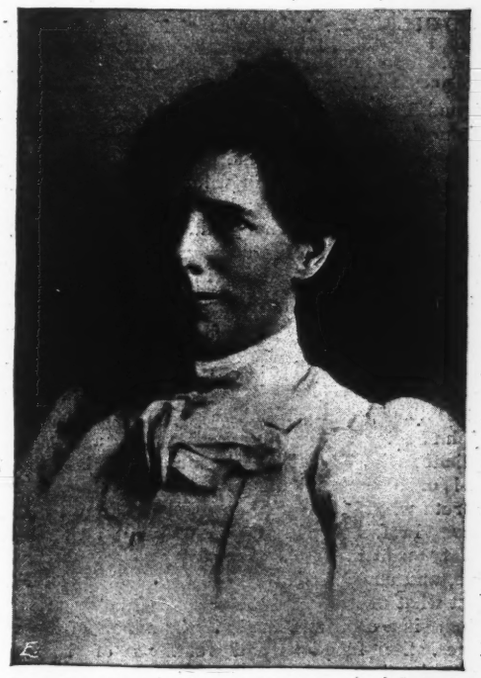
From Photo by Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street.

Rosamunda's life, where she awakens to the flooding realisation that she loves, Miss Brooke writes: "And then one day she realised that this preoccupation with a single personality was love, was passion." If Miss Brooke is writing merely of Rosamunda's case, doubtless she knows, and is right; but if she is speaking generally, we feel that she is not right. It is a pity—or a mercy—but she is wrong, in five cases out of ten. For this absorption, this concentration, this "preoccupation with a single personality," there may be one of a score of reasons—

exceptionally strongly felt, of course, but not indubitably love. But on the last page of Miss Brooke's book we read: "All we need know is that there is a shadow and a misery less in the world." Perhaps in conclusion we may say—all we need know is that there is a good book and a pleasure more in the world. Certainly this is a fact.

THE VALLEY OF THE GREAT SHADOW. By Annie E. Holdsworth (Mrs. Lee-Hamilton). 6s. (Heinemann.)

We always wish, presumably, for Art in Literature; and here, in Miss Holdsworth's new book, the old question forces itself back again insistently, "What *is* Art?" In one sense



ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH (MRS. LEE-HAMILTON.)
From Photo by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street.

of the word the author has given it to us open-handedly; in another, the worst that can be said is that she has, perhaps, played tricks with our taste; but even this we do not wish to believe. If Art may be defined as the employment of things to answer some special purpose, the use of means to accomplish some end (surely a fair enough definition), then Miss Holdsworth has undoubtedly succeeded in giving us Art, she has used legitimate means to produce a delicate and absorbing book. There are many rules in Art, but, the main question once settled, this author may be trusted not to violate single rules. In "The Valley of the Great Shadow" there are twelve chapters, and these contain six deaths and three severe illnesses; yet in many ways the book is a cheerful book, and besides this it is terribly true. Mittenplatz, the beautiful Swiss valley, is—despite its being the spot "where Death and Life waited together for the bodies of men"—bright, and bracing, and of perennial interest. "When the snow flashed in the sun like silver, and the jodels rang cheerily across the silence, people forgot the sadness of the Mittenthal. But at night they remembered; for then Life slept, and only Death watched." Yet there were generally hopeful faces, and smiles, and sunburn that looked like health, and gaiety, and music; with the great solemn white hills teaching calmness and patience. The Hotel Royal, where the men and women of this story live during the months in which we learn to know them, is a real place, no reader will doubt it; we know its rooms with the sunshine on the windows, its balcony with the row of *chaises longues*, its stairs with Babette toiling up and down; and in this snowy valley and this home-like hotel we see a group of men and women fulfilling their destiny. Music and harmony are in the book from end to end; and the most dominant themes, the most resonant, insistent notes are Courage and Love, which are greater powers than Death and Life. Such phrases as "The bells on the horses tossed the silence in little drifts about their heads"—such over-fantastic phrases—displease occasionally, and are to be deplored; but the book itself is not fantastic in style; it is indeed singularly free from complexities and obscurities; it contains wise and beautiful writing, and is, in spite of, or because of, its deeps and eddies, as clear, melodious, and refreshing as a mountain stream.

A KENT SQUIRE. By Frederick W. Hayes. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"A Kent Squire" has two very distinct weaknesses—its title and its plan. We took it up prepared for a quiet country idyll, full of discussions of land values and the iniquities of poachers, with perhaps an occasional parish scandal or fox-hunt or county ball by way of enlivenment. But "A Kent Squire" is neither countrified nor idyllic. It is a full-blooded romance of wildest adventure, and we are delighted to exchange the dull and pompous squire of our expectations for the luckless but daring Ambrose Gwynett, Squire of Thornlaugh, the hero of Mr. Hayes' novel. There is something altogether tantalising about the plan of the book. Nothing ends with the last chapter; there are a hundred loose threads, threads we should much like to see gathered up. Yvonne de Valincour failed, of course, in her bid for empire; but how? She seems on the high road of success when we take leave of her. What was the end of her daring villainy? Of course, Ambrose won through all his trials, but his success is quite shadowy when we close the book. What happened to Marlborough's infamous letter, and did the man who held it get his revenge? Did—but there are a dozen mysteries we want solved, a dozen intrigues to be explained. But the very fact that the end of "A Kent Squire" does not satisfy us is proof enough that the book is out of the ordinary run of novels. Four hundred and fifty closely printed pages of historical romance are usually enough and to spare, but we should not have complained—indeed, we should have rejoiced—had Mr. Hayes doubled the length of his story. He has caught something of the fascinating power of Dumas. He deals with great men and events, he re-writes history. His picture of Marlborough is magnificently daring and—convincing. He scatters adventures with lavish hand; every chapter has its hairbreadth escape. His heroes and heroines and villains (of both sexes) are all immense; the colouring of the story is lurid. The workmanship, too, is distinguished and striking. Altogether "A Kent Squire" is a book to be read and hugely enjoyed by every lover of a good, stirring romance. We have at once placed an order for the sequel; so will every one who follows our advice and procures a copy of Mr. Hayes' thrilling and remarkable story.

GARTHOWEN. By Allen Raine. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The only defect of "Allen Raine's" new story is that we know from the beginning exactly how it will turn out. Given

"ALLEN RAINE."

two brothers, one bent on worldly advancement, the other just a good-hearted, simple fellow, both in love with the same woman, somewhat below them in the social scale, we know that the more worldly Will is destined to leave the lovely Morva for a damsel of loftier degree, and that Morva will have

the good luck in the end to fall to the lot of the simple and unselfish Gethin. But "Allen Raine" has the skill to conceive unexpected minor incidents and unconventional personages; and the story is very far removed from the ordinary. The best of it is the flavour of Wales which hangs about every word and idea. It is a Wales the untravelled Englishman never guesses and that the tourist rarely reaches, pastoral, idyllic, not altogether unworldly, not unreal, but which uses words and phrases and conceptions of poetry as counters in the common game of life. The writer's books are mines of information on old Welsh customs and folk-lore. She has certainly convinced us Wales needs an interpreter, for anything more remote from English life than these pictures of hers can hardly be imagined.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

PRO CHRISTO ET ECCLESIA. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

To the reviewer wearily hoeing his interminable row and almost mechanically treating the monotonous mediocrity of the bulbs he works among, it will from time to time happen that he turns up a gem of purest ray serene, which dissipates his weariness and converts him from a machine into a sensitive, appreciative, delighted human being. Such a gem is "Pro Christo et Ecclesia." It is not only its anonymity which suggests comparison with "Ecce Homo." The subject is the same in both books—the method and aim of Jesus—although treated from quite different points of view; and the level of thought is much the same, the easy originality that cuts a new section through the life of Christ and shows us strata before unthought of; the classic severity of the style, the penetrating knowledge of human nature, the catholicity of treatment, all remind us of Professor Seeley's captivating work. But the aim of the present writer is more restricted. It may be said to be the purpose of the book, to exhibit in clear outline the characteristics of the Christ-life, Pharisaism, and Sadduceeism, to show the essential nature of their opposition and why it was precisely this opposition which God considered it worth representing to men in the eternally significant drama of Christ's life. This may seem to be a very limited aim, but if it is not wide, it cuts deep in the hands of this writer, and rises high. The volume is small, and may be read in an hour or two, but it will permanently influence the mind of the reader and will implant higher thoughts of the meaning of Christianity and of the attitude of the religious towards it.

THEISM IN THE LIGHT OF PRESENT SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY. By James Iverach, M.A., D.D. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Professor Iverach has the distinction of having been chosen as the first "Deems" Lecturer in connection with the New York University. His lectures are now published in this volume, and fully justify the choice of the Committee. They show an intimate and remarkable acquaintance with the science and philosophy of modern times. Indeed, the lectures are mainly an exposition in singularly lucid and well-chosen terms of the history of the making of the world, of man, and of religion. The story is told from the point of view of theistic science; with the science, one may say, largely in excess of the theism. That is to say, Professor Iverach, very wisely, does not obtrude the theistic argument at every possible point, but rather allows his own faith to colour the scientific exposition. The result is eminently satisfactory. The concluding chapters of the volume which deal with Agnostic and Idealistic Philosophy are extremely powerful criticisms, and add greatly to the value of an instructive and inspiring book.

VILLAGE SERMONS IN OUTLINE. By the late Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. 6s. (Macmillan)

Although these sermons of Dr. Hort's are merely outlines, they yet form consecutive and readable wholes, and are not what are popularly known as "skeletons." In delivery they were largely expanded, but as they stand printed in this volume they have a completeness which fits them to be read with comfort. There are sixteen on the Prayer Book, five on Baptism, six on "Mutual Subjection the Rule of Life," eleven on the Sermon on the Mount, four on the Advent, and seven on the Resurrection of our Lord. They were therefore obviously intended to be instructive, and, as need scarcely be said, they are so. Indeed, they may well be accepted as models for village sermons.

THE EPISTLE OF ST. JAMES. With Notes for General Readers. By James Adderley. (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.)

At the present time popular expositions of the books of Scripture seem to find a ready sale, and among these Mr. Adderley's "Epistle of St. James" may be expected to meet with some acceptance. Mr. Adderley writes from a moderate High Churchman's point of view. He laments that his Church does not practise the Unction of the sick. But he speaks in a manly and straightforward style, and his interpretations are well-informed and sensible. The volume is in a small and convenient form, and is calculated to be serviceable to those who have not opportunity or inclination to consult the more critical commentaries.

ETHICS AND RELIGION: A Collection of Essays. By Sir John Seeley, Dr. Felix Adler, Prof. Henry Sidgwick, Dr. Bosanquet, and others. Edited by the Society of Ethical Propagandists. 5s. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

"Ethics and Religion," the title of the first essay in this collection, is not quite applicable to the volume as a whole. Its subject really is the aims and methods of Ethical Societies. "The writers of the essays in this volume, all of whom have been founders or influential friends of Ethical Societies, are unanimously insistent upon one point. They urge that an Ethical Society should hold itself uncommitted to any theory of the universe, and should not be primarily interested in the metaphysic of Ethics; they hold that its relation to theory should be that of investigation and construction rather than of advocacy and dogmatic inculcation." In other respects the essays differ in their teaching; Mr. Leslie Stephen (whose essay, by the way, has been already printed in his "Social Rights and Duties") and Prof. Von Gizycki being agnostic, while Sir John Seeley advocates "the heartiest and most unreserved alliance with Christianity." Mr. Salter believes that the true basis of religious union is to be found in the acceptance of the one truth which it seems impossible to doubt, that *duty binds a man*. Prof. Sidgwick argues that the attitude of an Ethical Society ought to be at once "unexclusive as regards the non-religious, and unaggressive as regards all forms of Christian creed." But what one feels to be still a desideratum after reading this volume is a clear and final discrimination of the nature and provinces, the functions and relations of Ethics and Religion. Until this foundation is cleared and so laid as to commend itself to the general mind, discussion will be to a large extent fruitless. Every one, however, must wish success to societies founded as these Ethical Societies are with the express object of elevating the conduct and habits of our time.

THE HOLY SPIRIT AND CHRISTIAN SERVICE. By the Rev. J. D. Robertson, M.A., D.Sc, North Berwick. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Dr. Robertson's volume originated in a series of lectures which he delivered to the students of the Christian Workers Training Institute. No audience could be found with a surer instinct for what is inspiring and serviceable in Christian teaching. This audience Dr. Robertson fairly captured and captivated. Hitherto known chiefly as a thoroughly equipped philosopher, he proved himself in these lectures to have a grasp of the experimental and practical side of religion such as few men possess. An extraordinary vitality pervades the whole treatment of the subject, which is thus lifted out of the low levels of technical discussion and hackneyed commonplace into the pure light of reality. The relation of the Holy Spirit to Christian service would inevitably in even fairly competent hands have been dealt with in a formal and unimpressive manner; but Dr. Robertson in every chapter compels the reader to own its importance. We know no better example of the service which can be rendered to the ordinary Christian worker by a man of trained philosophical and literary ability.

THE PARACLETE: A Series of Discourses on the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit. By William Clark, M.A., LL.D., etc., Professor of Philosophy in Trinity University, Toronto. (T. and T. Clark.)

The University of Michigan, like several other American Colleges, is enviably endowed by the thoughtful generosity of the citizens. Among other foundations she enjoys a "Charlotte Wood Slocum Lectureship on Christian Evidences," and the discourses now published by Professor Clark were delivered as the Slocum Lectures for 1899. They give a fairly complete survey of the teaching of Scripture regarding the Holy Spirit from an orthodox Anglican point of view, defending the Personality and Divinity of the Third Person of the Trinity, and

advancing a form of the not wholly intelligible doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. The lectures are somewhat lacking in vitality and freshness, and one fails to discover why they are introduced to readers who already have access to much good literature on the same subject.

FIRST AND LAST POEMS. By Arabella Shore. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Miss Shore is known to the more intimate students of Victorian literature as the author of "Fra Dolcino" and as the editor of the journals and the poems of her gifted sister, Emily Shore, whose work, done far from the stress and publicity of present-day letters, was a wonderful reflection of the best ideals of her time, and gained the praise of some of the best minds. The verses of the younger sister have had the same inspiration, and if they do not contain the one or two perfect successes, they are an interesting and worthy collection. If curious inquirers fifty years hence desire acquaintance with the ideas of the most high-minded and the most cultivated persons of the middle of the nineteenth century, those who were influenced by Mill and by Mazzini, who loved liberty and good letters, and combined high romance with austerity of soul, they could hardly do better than search for the clear traces of such in this volume and its predecessor.

OLD FRIENDS AT CAMBRIDGE AND ELSEWHERE. By J. Willis Clark. (Macmillan.)

This volume undoubtedly appeals to a very large public, including all those who take an interest in their "Alma Mater," and those who wish to learn something of the kind of men who have influenced the thought and policy of the University of Cambridge. The author has been for most of his life a resident Don, and has always kept himself in touch with all the varied aspects of University life and thought, in their serious and their gayer sides. His sympathies are both with the new and the old, and a striking example of his catholicity of taste is shown by his active connection with the drama as represented at Cambridge; from the period of the Greek tragedies and comedies to the most modern of the Gaiety burlesques. It is difficult to review the book in detail, because it consists in the main of articles which are themselves lengthened descriptive reviews of various biographies. But on this very account it should receive a hearty welcome from the ordinary man who has no time to read lengthy official biographies of a past generation. He will find here presented impartially and in an extremely interesting manner a living picture of many men both in their official and their human capacity. The volume is written throughout with sincere and affectionate sympathy. The four longer chapters on Whewell, Connop Thirlwall, Lord Houghton, and Edward Henry Palmer, treat of men absolutely different both in intellect and in character, yet all of them having given to—and received from—Cambridge a certain unmistakable impress. Because they are least academic most readers will be more interested in the presentations of Lord Houghton and Edward Henry Palmer than the other two. With all his lack of effectiveness and the higher seriousness, there was something singularly attractive and lovable about Lord Houghton, while the character of Palmer, the fearless traveller, appeals to all Englishmen. Whewell is the most typically Cambridge man in the whole book. He had that intangible quality called "personality," which unfortunately cannot be communicated, and it is sad to think that he, like so many Cambridge men, left so little of real importance behind him, though his fault was a very extreme form of universality, not the modern Cambridge foible of a too minute and laboured specialisation. The most interesting part of the book is that which treats of Connop Thirlwall. Thirlwall was in every sense a scholar, a genuine lover of letters and of learning, and yet a man who had strong and advanced opinions, for which he not only fought, but suffered. Most of the remaining chapters are reprints of obituary notices from the *Saturday Review*, and therefore by their very nature less interesting than the longer articles. We certainly hope that Mr. Clark will be encouraged by the success of this volume to write more fully his impressions of these other worthies.

THE UNCHANGING EAST. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Chatto.)

Whether the East changes or remains stationary Mr. Barr does not seem to have concerned himself about, after having secured an agreeable title for his book. He deals more with personal incidents in his voyage in the *Creole Prince* from Manchester to Jaffa than with historical retrospects or comparisons, and very few readers will find fault with him for that, nor for the general absence of description from his pages. One takes away from a perusal of his book the sense of a holiday of great variety, much enjoyed, one of the chief items of satisfaction arising from a conviction that the British are tremendously superior to all the rest of humanity, and that travelling proves it up to the hilt. Where he attempts to make a page of a guide-book he fails, as in the account of Jerusalem. On the other hand there is some interesting information about the Druses. But in the personal narrative, where he is not trying to play the funny man, he keeps our attention moderately; though the main incident, the imprisonment of himself and his companions when they attempted to visit the ruins of Seleucia by an irregular route, a memorable example of the stupidity of the minor Turkish official, seems to have more than its due share of space in the three chapters allotted to it.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from the current number of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

MARCH 15TH TO APRIL 15TH, 1900.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BLOSIUS.—Translated by B. A. Wilberforce, O.P. A Book of Spiritual Instruction, 2/6 net.....Art & Book Co.
[*This work of Blosius is in many ways a "golden treatise." Taken from its own standpoint, it is very full of heavenly wisdom and counsel.*]

CLARK, W.—The Paraclete, 3/6.....T. & T. Clark

Ethics and Religion. A Collection of Essays by Sir John Seeley, Dr Felix Adler, Mr. W. M. Salter, etc., 5/- Swan Sonnenschein

GIDDINGS, F. H., M.A., Ph.D.—Democracy and Empire, 8/6 Macmillan
[*A broad, tolerant view of the problems of democracy and empire, and the many phases and motives inseparable from such a study.*]

HIGHT, G.A.—Mental Culture, 3/6 net.....Dent

HORNE, C. SYLVESTER, M.A.—The Growth of Faith, Fasting, and Feasting, 2d.....Passmore
[*Two admirable sermons full of thought and suggestion; preached in Kensington Chapel.*]

HART, F. J. A., D.D.—Village Sermons in Outline, 6/-....Macmillan

INGRAM, JOHN K., LL.D.—Outlines of the History of Religion, 3/6 A. & C. Black

KANT, IMMANUEL.—Dreams of a Spirit-Seer, trans'ated by E. F. Goerwitz, 2/6 ..... Swan Sonnenschein
[*A translation of Kant's "Traüme" is bound to be important; the work being—as seems to be proved—one of the potent agents in his mind's development. It is pleasant, too, to see the great philosopher playful. The translator's task must have been arduous, but he has performed it intelligently and faithfully.*]

MACCUNN, JOHN, M.A., LL.D.—The Making of Character, 2/6 Camb. Univ. Press
[*In these educational aspects of ethics Mr. MacCunn presents a sensible, scholarly treatment of an important subject.*]

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

MAY, 1900.

MALLOCK, W. H.—Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption, 7/6 net A. & C. Black

MUZZY, D. S., B.D.—The Rise of the New Testament, 5/- Macmillan

[*"Theologians write for their own narrow circle. They are too willing to take for granted that the public is not interested in what they write, instead of being concerned to write things which shall and must interest the public." This is what the author says; then he endeavours, and endeavours very successfully, to remedy this. His book contains a clear, brief account of the formation of the New Testament, and is in every way an admirable introduction to the subject.*]

Pro Christo et Ecclesia, 4/6 .....Macmillan

PROCTER, Rev. Father J., S.T.L.—The Catholic Creed, 3/6 net Art & Book Co.

[*A full and intelligent setting forth of the Catholic creed, in order, we gather from the author, to clear away misunderstandings and misrepresentations.*]

SCOTT-HOLLAND, HENRY.—Old and New, 3/6 net.....Freemantle

[*A book of eleven sermons written with this author's usual direct and convincing power. They touch, he says in his preface, "mainly on two special themes: (1) On the necessity for moving forward from a simple to a more theological Gospel; and (2) On the work and responsibility of the Church in East London."*]

SINCLAIR, W., Archdeacon of London.—Words from St. Paul's, No. 1, 4d. .....Burleigh

[*This succinct, able sermon on "The Voice of God in Holy Scripture" is the first of a series of Archdeacon Sinclair's sermons.*]

V. W.—A Book of Comfort, 1/- net .....Duckworth

[*This small book may be called an anthology of the direct spiritual messages and teaching of the Psalms for the use of those who are needing "immediate spiritual support." The Bishop of Durham has written an introductory note.*]

WEITBRECHT, Rev. H. U.—The Urdu New Testament, Bible House Papers, No. III., 6d.....British and Foreign Bible Soc.

[*A serious pamphlet setting forth the work so far done by the Urdu New Testament Revision Committee, and discussing many points raised by the revision. It should evoke some valuable suggestions and criticism.*]

FICTION.

ADCOCK, A. ST. JOHN.—In the Wake of the War, 2/6.....Hodder

BARR, ROBERT.—The Unchanging East, 6/- .....Chatto

BARRETT, FRANK.—Breaking the Shackles, 6s.....Macqueen

BARRY, J. D.—The Acrobat, 6s. ..... Lane

BARRY, W.—Arden Massiter, 6/- ..... Unwin

BEAUMONT, MARY.—The White Christ and Other Stories.....Dent

[*A collection of little stories beautiful with the beauty of tenderness and poetry. A dainty white volume of the Eastertide series.*]

BENSON, E. F.—The Princess Sophia, 6/-.....Heinemann

BINDLOSS, H.—Ainstie's Ju-Ju, 3/6 .....Chatto

BRAMAH, E.—The Wallet of Kai Lung, 6/- .....Richards

BRYDEN, H. A.—From Veldt Camp Fires, 3/6.....Hurst & Blackett

BURGIN, G. B.—The Tiger's Claw, 6/- .....Pearson

[*Written in Mr. Burgin's own facile manner. It gives an unusually good picture of a young man who is not spoilt by the sudden possession of £20,000—which makes a pleasing change in fiction.*]

CARRODER, CONRAD H.—Love's Guerdon, 6/-.....White

[*The touching story of a young Wesleyan who possessed high ideals and consumptive tendencies, and laboured untiringly for his fellow-creatures. We leave him starting for South Africa, with hopes of health.*]

CHATTERTON, G. G.—The Angel of Chance, 6/- .....Long

COLE, R. W.—The Struggle for Empire.....Elliot Stock

["*A story of the year 2236.*" *In the twenty-third century London is the capital of the world, for the Anglo-Saxon race has, of course, "absorbed the globe," Germany having crushed France and Austria, and England having "attended to the rest." The struggle for Empire is then between the earth and Kairet, the ruling planet of the Sirian system. It is a sanguinary business, and only relief is felt when in the end England again manages "the rest,"—with a little help.*]

CRAMPTON, G.—A Story of an Estancia, 3/6.....Unwin

[*A lively story of Argentina, and a feud between the owners of two estancias—Don Jorge Fanes and Don Tristan Arrojo. "A woman on the war path is one of the great forces of nature," says the author, and he proceeds to illustrate the fact.*]

CROCKETT, S. R.—Joan of the Sword Hand, 6/-.....Ward, Lock

DICKINSON, E.—Hearts Importunate, 6/-.....Hemaninen

DOWNE, WALMER.—Celeste, 6/-.....Pearson

DOYLE, A. CONAN.—The Green Flag, and Other Stories of War and Sport, 6/-.....Smith, Elder

From the Front, 3/6 ..... Sands

[*A collection of extremely good stories written from the seat of war, between September, 1899, and February, 1900.*]

FOWLER, E. T.—The Farringdons, 6/- ..... Hutchinson

GRIER, S. C.—The Kings of the East, 6/-.....Blackwood

HAYES, F. W.—A Kent Squire, 6/- ..... Hutchinson

HOLDSWORTH, A. E.—The Valley of the Great Shadow..Heinemann

HORTON, G.—A Fair Brigand, 3/6 .....Ward, Lock

HULME-BEAMAN, E.—The Experiment of Doctor Nevill, 6/-....Long

HUME, FERGUS.—The Bishop's Secret, 3/6 .....Long

KENNARD, Mrs. A.—The Second Lady Delcombe, 6/-....Hutchinson

MACMAHON E.—Fortune's Yellow, 6/- ..... Hutchinson

MARRIOTT WATSON, H. B.—The Rebel, 6/-..... Heinemann

MATHERS, HELEN.—Becky, 6/- ..... Pearson

MCAULAY, ALLAN.—The Rhymer, 6/- ..... Unwin

MIVART, ST. G., F.R.S.—Castle and Manor, 6/- .....Sands

Outrageous Fortune, 3/6 ..... Greening

PERKINS, ROSE.—The House of Hardale, 6/- ..... Long

[*A somewhat sensational story of the substituting of one child for another after a wreck at sea, and all the consequences which ensue. These little errors in identity occur so frequently that there would seem to be much in favour of universal tattooing, or some such method.*]

PHELPS, SYDNEY.—His 'Prentice Hand, 6/-.....Long

[*Judging from the title-page the author has written this novel with his (or her) "'prentice hand"; but the title-page provides the only reason for drawing this conclusion. The work is good, the story entertaining.*]

PICKTHALL, MARMADUKE.—All Fools, 6/-..... Swan Sonnenschein

RAINE, ALLEN.—Garthowen, 6/-.....Hutchinson

ROBERTS, C. G. D.—A Sister to Evangeline, 6/- ..... Lane

STREET, G. S.—The Trials of the Bantocks, 3/6 .....Lane

STUART, ESME.—Christalla, 6/-.....Methuen

TARKINGTON, BOOTH.—The Gentleman from Indiana, 6/-..Richards

THOMAS, BERTHA.—The Son of the House, 6/- ..... Chatto

WEDMORE, F.—The Collapse of the Penitent, 3/6.....Hutchinson

WESTALL, W.—Roy of Roy's Court, 3/6 ..... Chatto

WILKINS, M. E.—The Love of Parson Lord, illustrated, 6/...Harpers

WILLIAMSON, Mrs. C. N.—The Adventure of Princess Sylvia, 6d. Methuen

[*Romance to begin with, romance to end with, and adventure throughout. Mrs. Williamson's story is a notable addition to "The Novelist" series.*]

WILSON, Mrs. J. G.—Two Summers, 6/- .....Harpers

WEYMAN, STANLEY J.—Sophia, 6/-.....Longmans

NEW EDITIONS.

ALLEN, GRANT.—What's Bred in the Bone, 6d. ..... Newnes

[*A cheap edition of this novel, one of the most popular of the author's works. The type is really excellent.*]

BORROW, GEORGE.—The Romany Rye, 6/-.....Murray

BRONTE, ANNE.—Wildfell Hall, Vol. VI. of the Haworth Edition, Introductions by Mrs. Humphry Ward and C. K. Shorter, 6/-.....Smith, Elder

CRAWFORD, F. M.—Saracinesca, 6d. ..... Blackwood

[*A cheap edition of Mr. Crawford's most popular novel. The type is extremely good—plain as the picture on the cover.*]

DICKENS, CHARLES.—Oliver Twist and Sketches by Boz, Vol. III., New Century Library, 2/- net.....Nelson

[*New volumes of Messrs. Nelson's marvellous India paper series, the best pocket edition of the great classics ever published.*]

DICKENS, CHARLES.—The Old Curiosity Shop, Vol. IV., New Century Library, 2/- net.....Nelson

MARTYN, G.—Lord Jimmy, 2/6.....Greening

[*A new edition of a not very pleasant story of music-hall life.*]

NORRIS, W. E.—The Fight for the Crown, 3/6 .....Seeley

[*Another edition of Mr. Norris's popular political novel.*]

OUIDA.—Held in Bondage, 6d..... .....Chatto

[*A cheap edition of the earliest work of this ever popular writer.*]

PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Garden of Swords, 6/-.....Cassell

[*A new edition of Mr. Pemberton's thrilling romance, with sixteen spirited illustrations by Stanley L. Wood.*]

THACKERAY, W. M.—Pendennis, Vol. II., New Century Library, 2/- net .....Nelson

WHYTE-MELVILLE, G. J.—Tilbury Nogo, 3/6 ..... Ward, Lock

[*Another volume of this popular edition of Whyte-Melville's novels. It is illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.*]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

AMBLER, B. G.—Ballads of Greater Britain, 1/- ..... Elliot Stock

[*A slim khaki-coloured volume of appropriate and manly ballads; half the profits of which will be given to our Soldiers' Fund.*]

AUTHOR OF GORDON LEAGUE BALLADS, The.—Shot on Patrol, 3d. Skeffington

[*A pathetic incident of the present war, told in verse.*]

BEGBIE, H.—The Handy Man, 6d. net .....Lamley

[*A stirring poem in a cover of khaki-coloured paper, tied with red, white, and blue, and written for the benefit of the disabled sailors and soldiers. It should become a favourite.*]

BELL, MACKENZIE.—The Taking of the Flag, and other Recitations, 1/- ..... Burleigh

[*This should be a popular book for the reciter. It is dedicated to the members of the Savage Club, but is suitable for many moods.*]

Chord, The, No. 4, 1/- net .....Unicorn Press

[*This "Quarterly devoted to music" reminds us strongly of its older companion, "The Dome," devoted to literature and art; it seems to be equally good. This is high praise.*]

FOSKETT EDWARD.—Hugh Trebarwith: A Cornish Romance, 2/6 net ..... Unwin

[*There is genuine song in this small volume, and a knowledge of some of the deeps of human nature.*]

HAUPTMANN, GERHART.—The Sunken Bell: A Fairy Play rendered into English Verse by C. H. Meltzer, 4/- net Heinemann

MURRAY, GILBERT.—Andromache, 1/6 ..... Heinemann

Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, The. Translated by Maria Trench, 1/6 net ..... Kegan Paul

[*An English translation, with the songs of the chorus in English and German. The introduction by the translator will be found very useful by intending spectators.*]

Queen's Garland, The, selected and arranged by FitzRoy Carrington, 2/6 net .....Duckworth

[*A dainty white and gold volume—claiming to be a "pocket volume"—of chosen Elizabethan Lyrics.*]

ROBINSON, LILIAN.—Rosemary Songs and Sonnets, 1/- Horace Marshall

[*In this unobtrusive little volume there is genuine poetry. The songs seem to have been written by the hand of one who has known suffering, and has not hardened beneath it. "Rosemary Songs" is a happy title, for certainly they will remain in the memory.*]

SHORE, ARABELLA.—First and Last Poems, 5/- net ..... Richards

Titus and Lysander; A Comedy in Five Acts ..... Elliot Stock

War Songs and Ballads, selected by John Macleay, 2/- net ....Scott

[*The title tells the nature of this volume, but can scarcely give an idea of the fulness and care with which the scheme of collecting war songs and ballads has been carried out. Mr. Macleay's inspiriting introduction is a valuable feature of the book; and Lord Roberts graces the frontispiece.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

COWPER, WILLIAM.—The Task (Temple Classics), 1/6.....Dent

HOUSMAN, A. E.—A Shropshire Lad, 3/- net ..... Richards

[*A most desirable little edition, in dark-green leather, the happy result of a steady demand.*]

SHAKESPEARE.—Midsummer Night's Dream; King Lear. The Chiswick Shakespeare, illus. by Byam Shaw, 1/6 each net Bell

[*Two more volumes of this admirable illustrated edition of Shake-*

speare. Mr. Byam Shaw has been particularly happy in his illustrations here; they are truly Shakespearian, especially in the "Dream."]

Shakespeare, Vols. 9, 10 of the larger Temple Edition, edited by T. Gollanez, 4/6 net ..... Dent

TENNYSON, Lord.—Lyric Poems, edited by Ernest Rhys, 2/6 net Dent

[*A new volume of one of Messrs. Dent's most dainty series. The book is altogether delightful.*]

TENNYSON, Lord.—In Memoriam, with analysis and notes by Rev. H. C. Beeching, 1/6 net ..... Methuen

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ATKINS, J. B.—The Relief of Ladysmith, 6/- ..... Methuen

BURLEIGH, BENNET.—The Natal Campaign, 6/- ..... Chapman

BURKE, S. H.—Ireland in 1821, 6d. ..... Hodges

[*A timely pamphlet giving an account of a visit of George IV. to Ireland.*]

CECIL, EVELYN, M.P.—On the Eve of the War, 3/6 ..... Murray

ELEY, C. K.—The Cathedral Church of Carlisle, with Plan and Illustrations, 1/6 ..... Bell

[*This series has already won its laurels, but no cathedral yet dealt with has been more fortunate than Carlisle in its historian. The book is clear, trustworthy, and interesting; historically, archæologically, and from the antiquary's point of view.*]

FITCHETT, W. H.—How England saved Europe, 6s. .... Smith, Elder

FLETCHER, J. S.—A Picturesque History of Yorkshire. Part XI. 1/- net ..... Dent

[*Part XI. brings us to the source of the Ure. It is an interesting number containing as it does historical descriptions of Ripon Cathedral, Fountains Abbey, and Bolton Castle.*]

GERRARE, WIRT.—The Story of Moscow. Mediæval Towns Series, Illustrated, 3/6 net ..... Dent

[*Here the author presents Moscow as it was during the five generally ignored, centuries preceding the eighteenth, with which, he states, it is the fashion to consider this city's history begins. Moscow cannot fail to be an interesting city, and the illustrations in this volume prove that it is very beautiful also.*]

GLUCKSTEIN, S. M.—Queen or President? 2/6 ..... Richards

[*Mr. Gluckstein has here stated Britain's case against Paul Kruger, with lucidity, statistics, and no sentiment.*]

HILL, Rev. GEOFFREY.—English Dioceses ..... Elliot Stock

[*Mr. Hill has given in this volume a real history of English dioceses from the very earliest times. It makes a curious book; interesting both as touching on antiquity, and as showing the moods and needs of men from age to age.*]

LANG, ANDREW.—History of Scotland, Vol. I., 15/- net .. Blackwood

MACLAY, E. S.—A History of American Privateers, 12/6 net Sampson Low

MAJOR, THOMAS.—Leaves from a Squatter's Note-Book, 3/6.. Sands

[*Spirited chapters from real life. That the author loved the Australian bush is evident on every page, but he deplored its spoliation and the marks of the modern squatter's presence. "Australian squatting is sick unto death," he exclaimed. "Alas . . . civilisation in its march often disfigures both man and nature." Death has robbed Mr. Major of the appreciation he deserved and would have valued.*]

MUNRO, H. H.—The Rise of the Russian Empire, 10/6 ..... Richards

RALPH, JULIAN.—Towards Pretoria, 6/- ..... Pearson

SCAIFE, A. H.—The War To Date, 3/6 ..... Unwin

VON KAISENBERG, MORITZ.—Memoirs of the Baroness De Courtot. From the German, by Jessie Haynes, 9/- .... Heinemann

[*The pleasantest, most absorbing book we have read for some time. Compiled from a packet of old letters and a red velvet covered "album" of the period, it possesses throughout the charm, and conjures up the atmosphere of the times of which it treats. It offers a charming sidelight on French history.*]

WATT, WILLIAM.—A History of Aberdeen and Banff, 7/6 net Blackwood

WILKINS, W. H.—The Love of an Uncrowned Queen, 2 vols., 36/- Hutchinson

WILKINSON, SPENSER.—Lessons of the War, 2/6 ..... Constable

[*One of the war books which should on no account be neglected. It contains comments from week to week until the relief of Ladysmith.*]

WOODBERRY, G. E.—Makers of Literature, 6/- ..... Macmillan

NEW EDITIONS.

BOSWELL, JAMES.—The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., 3 vols. Library of English Classics, 10/6 net ..... Macmillan

[*A welcome addition to this admirable series. The "Life" is reprinted from that prepared by Mr. Mowbray Morris for Messrs. Macmillan's "Globe" series.*]

CARLYLE, THOMAS.—On Heroes and Hero Worship, Temple Classics, 1/6 net ..... Dent

COLLINGWOOD, W. G.—The Life of John Ruskin, 6/- ..... Methuen

[*A new and revised edition in one volume of Mr. Collingwood's invaluable Life of Ruskin. The book has been condensed and largely rewritten, and contains much interesting new matter.*]

GROSER, H. G.—Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., K.P., etc., 1/- net ..... Melrose

[*Mr. Groser's biography of our most popular soldier has justified our expectation, a second edition being already called for.*]

PLUMPTRE, E. H., D.D.—The Life of Dante, Ed. by A. J. Butler, 2/6 net ..... Isbister

[*A charming edition uniform with the beautiful volumes of Plumptre's translation.*]

STEVENSON, R. L.—Edinburgh, Picturesque Notes, Illus., 7/6 net Seeley

[*A tasteful edition. The style of the book is quite sumptuous, and the numerous points illustrated by Mr. Cranford are characteristic and well-chosen.*]

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

BRINTON, SELWYN.—Correggio, 5/- net ..... Bell

ELY, R. T., PhD., LL.D.—Monopolies and Trusts, 5/- net Macmillan

[*This is the first volume of "The Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics, and Sociology," and is an excellent beginning. The author has here presented a really valuable and original work on economic theory. If this standard is adhered to, the Library will justly become an authority on the subjects with which it deals.*]

GOODYEAR, W. H.—Renaissance and Modern Art, 6/- .... Macmillan

KELLY, EDMOND, M.A., F.G.S.—Government or Human Evolution, 7/6 net ..... Longmans

[*A wise book, having for its object the study of matters which form the very foundations of law and order. "Nature," "Evolution," "Government" are thoroughly discussed, and "Justice" is very fully treated of. Mr. Kelly's future political efforts should be more lastingly successful than the former one he tells us of.*]

Lysias, Eratosthenes, and Agoratus. Edited by J. Thompson, M.A., and T. R. Mills, M.A., 3/6 ..... Univ. Tutorial Press

[*There is real scholarship shown in the editing of this "University Tutorial Series." To students it must by this time have become invaluable.*]

MORRIS, C.—Man and his Ancestor, 5/- ..... Macmillan

[*In this book "an effort has been made to present the subject of man's origin in a popular manner, to dwell on the various significant facts that have been discovered since Darwin's time, and to offer certain lines of evidence never before presented in this connection."*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

AUSTIN, ALFRED.—Spring and Autumn in Ireland, 3/6 .... Blackwood

BOYLE, Sir COURTENAY, K.C.B.—Hints on the Conduct of Business, 3/6 ..... Macmillan

[*The Secretary to the Board of Trade writes this book after wide experience; and no one who has reached years of discretion will deny the need of such a work. It is compiled in a manner which should make it popular, for the author discourses familiarly, and as one who really knows.*]

BRUMMELL AND BEAU.—Deportment for Dukes and Tips for Toffs, 1/- Simpkin

[*A really instructive book on etiquette.*]

CHRISTY, EVA.—Side-Saddle Riding, illustrated, 6/- ..... Vinton

[*A practical handbook for horsewomen. The art of riding can certainly not be taught by a book; but there are dozens of points which the side-saddle rider needs to know, and these are fully explained to her here. The volume contains numerous illustrated examples, and the author offers to help horsewomen in difficulty if they will write to her at her publisher's address.*]

FOSKETT, E., F.R.S.L., etc.—Open Access in Public Libraries Exposed, 3d. ..... Curtis

[*This appears to be a full and detailed reply to the "Open Access" paper printed in the December number of "The Library."*]

GREENER, W. W.—Sharpshooting for Sport and War, 1/- net Everett

[*A comprehensive and interesting exposition on the art of sharpshooting. The small book is full of sense and information.*]

HOW, Bishop WALSHAM.—Lighter Moments, ed. by F. D. How, 2/6 Isbister

[*This small book is packed with good stories, showing the bishop in his happiest moods. The editor says, "There are some people to whom apologies seem due." Surely not.*]

MCMILLAN, MARGARET.—Early Childhood, 3/6.. Swan Sonnenschein

[*Yet another book on the training of children—a cheerful, sensible book. Most certainly the children are being well looked after.*]

NORTON, H. E.—A Book of Courtesy, 2/6 ..... Macmillan

["*I once asked an eminent Frenchman,*" *says the author,* "*what he considered to be our best and our worst qualities. 'Your sincerity and your bad manners,' he unhesitatingly replied.*" *That* "*unhesitatingly*" *is a blow; but Mr. Norton's anecdotes do not altogether crush us; they prove that there is, after all, a fair leaven of courtesy left in England, so with that, and this book, we may learn.*]

Nuttall Encyclopædia, The, edited by Rev. J. Wood, 3/6 ..... Warne

OFFIN, T. W.—How the Germans took London, 1/- ..... Simpkin

[*An interesting pamphlet, whether taken seriously or otherwise.*]

Our Lady's Tumbler, transcribed by Rev. P. H. Wicksteed ..... Dent

[*A graceful twelfth century legend translated from the French. This is another volume of Messrs. Dent's white-bound Eastertide series.*]

SELFE, ROSE E.—With Dante in Paradise. 2/- ..... Cassell

[*Beautiful readings from the "Paradiso," presented in a simple form to younger or newer disciples by a true lover of Dante.*]

SKEAT, Rev. W. W., Litt.D., D.C.L., etc.—The Chaucer Canon, 3/6 net ..... Clarendon Press

WARNER, F., M.D.—The Nervous System of the Child, 4/6 net Macmillan

[*Dr. Warner is earning vicariously the gratitude of every child. Having himself observed, thought, and experimented in the training of children, he gives out, in a clear, decided volume the knowledge he has gained. Parents, teachers, and medical men should pay respectful attention to his words.*]

WEGUELIN, H. W., F.R.H.S.—Carnations and Picotees, 3/6 Newnes

[*All flower lovers should welcome this book; it is most ably written and instructive.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

ANNANDALE, C., M.A., LL.D.—The Concise English Dictionary, 3/6 Blackie

[*From the point of view of the public, Messrs. Blackie and Son and the author seem to have hit upon an excellent sliding scale, for while the Concise English Dictionary has decreased in price it goes on increasing in value. This new edition is a treasure.*]

Guide to London, 1/- ..... Ward, Lock

[*Another edition of this useful Guide. Its many maps and photographs have made it quite a picture-book.*]

"X."—The Right to Bear Arms, 6/- ..... Elliot Stock

[*The first edition of this volume was severely criticised; indeed, its right of existence was seriously questioned. In this new edition the author has endeavoured to satisfy his critics, and prove his book's right to exist. Royal Warrants and Acts of Parliament are brought into the fray, and the right to bear arms (armorial bearings, not weapons) is clearly defined.*]

BOOKS WANTED.

Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON AND SON, DUMFRIES.

Brown's History of Sanquhar.
Ramage's Drumlanrig.
Bogg's Borderland, or 2,000 Miles of Travel.
Poems by Alex. Anderson, Surfaceman.
Autobiography of J. S. Mill.
Japp's Three Great Teachers.
Bain's Lessons from My Masters.
Last Words of Thomas Carlyle.
Frith's Life of Charles Keane.

EDWARD BAKER, 14, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Poetry for Children, 2 vols., 1809, 25s. offered.
New Bon Ton Magazine, 6 vols., 30s. offered.
Bible in Spain, 3 vols., 1843, 21s. offered.
Borrow's Wild Wales, 3 vols., 1862, 21s. offered.
Borrow's Romany Rye, 2 vols., 1857, 21s. offered.
Borrow's Zincali, 1st ed., 15s. offered.
Jackson's Old Paris, 2 vols., 1878, £2 offered.

E. BOND, THE ROOKERY, EYE, SUFFOLK.

Hissey's Tour Through Eastern Counties.
Cambs. County Guide, or White's Cambridgeshire.
Essex Byways.
"Bygone" Series of Books.
Peeps at Eye in the Olden Time.
Books by Annie S. Swan and W. W. Jacobs.

C. H. CATTLE, 2, EAST CIRCUS STREET, NOTTINGHAM.

Vale Press Publications:
The Dial.
Field's Plays.
Daphnis and Chloe.
Hero and Leander.
Queen of the Fishes.
Landor's Epicurus.
The Passionate Pilgrim.
Campion's Songs.
Moralités Legendaires.
Book of Thel.
Hand and Soul.
Or any others. Please state price.
Pall Mall Magazine, Dec., 1893.
Barrie's Works, first editions.

H. PERCIVAL ROSSITER, 9, ELM PLACE, BATH.

Kelmscott Press books:
Chaucer.
Shakespeare's Poems.
Biblia Innocentium.
Stevenson's Letters. 2 vols.
Daphnis and Chloe. Published by Elkin Mathews.

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

Popular novels suitable for lending library by Corelli, Kipling, Worboise, Mrs. Henry Wood, etc.
Comic Operas, with words and music.
Mrs. Brown at the Play.
Green's Short History of English People.
Darwin's Origin of Species.
Zola's Novels, Vizetelly's edition, illustrated.

GEORGE WESTELL, 18, VALMAR ROAD, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.

Ode on Eton (T. Gray), 1797.
Musae Juveniles (Cooke), 1732.
Perseus Redivivus, 1832.
Kelmscott Press, report any.
Bell's Kalogynomia.
Agnes Gray, 1847.
Christian Year, 2 vols., 1827.
Chameleon, part 1.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

EDWARD BAKER, 14, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Cook's Fungi, about 1,200 coloured plates, 8 vols., half calf, £16.
Burton's Arabian Nights, 71 illus. by Letchford, 2 vols., £10 10s.
Studio Magazine, 18 vols., cloth, £10 10s.
Fielding's Complete Works, 1st issue of Dent's beautiful edition, 12 vols., half calf gilt, £3 10s.
Gould's Freemasonry, 3 vols., morocco, 35s., cost £6 6s.
I am open to take part cash and books in exchange for above.

E. BOND, THE ROOKERY, EYE, SUFFOLK.

A Window in Thrums, edition de luxe.
Anglo-Saxon Review, No. 1.
Orchard Songs (Norman Gale).
Poems by A. C. Benson.

ALEXANDER CAMERON, SEATHAUGH, BLACKFORD, PERTHSHIRE.

Watts-Dunton's Coming of Love, 1st edition, uncut, 5s.
Watts-Dunton's Aylwin, 3s.
Lang's Red True Story Book, 1st edition, perfect, 4s.
Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's Double Thread, 1st edition, 3s.
Mary E. Wilkins's Pembroke, 1st edition, 3s.
Jerome's Three Men in a Boat. 1st edition, 2s.

J. REDFEARN, SILSDEN, KEIGHLEY.

Memoirs of Benjamin Franklin, 4 vols., calf, 12s.
The Author's Manual, 2s.
Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases, new ed., 4s
Freeman: Methods of Historical Study, 5s.
Lewes: Life of Goethe, 7s.
Carlyle's Life in London, 2 vols., lib. ed., portrait, 15s.
The Russian Church and Russian Dissent, 3s. 6d.
Lorna Doone, 1s. 6d.

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

Boys' Own Paper, 1898 and 1899, publishers' cloth gilt, 5s. 6d. each.
Mirror of Literature and Amusement, 36 vols., 15s. 6d.
Hemy's Pianoforte Tutor, revised edition, new, 5s. for 1s. 6d.
Napier's Peninsular War, 3 vols., cloth gilt, with engraved plans of battles, etc., 5s.
Phil May's Annual, 1892-94, 1s. 6d. each.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between March 15th and April 15th, 1900:—

LONDON, E.C.

Pullan's Book of Common Prayer. 5s. (Longmans.)
Weyman: Sophia. 6s. (Longmans.)
Steevens: Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Temple Ency. Primers. 1s. net. (Dent.)
Reynolds: Loaves and Fishes. 6s. (Elliot Stock.)
Fowler: The Farringdons. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

LONDON, W.C.

Boyle: Hints on Business. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Fowler: The Farringdons. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Weyman: Sophia. 6s. (Longmans.)
Walsham How: Lighter Moments. 2s. 6d. (Isbister.)
Fitzpatrick: The Transvaal from Within. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

BIRMINGHAM.

Fowler: The Farringdons. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Fitzpatrick: The Transvaal from Within. Cheaper edition. 2s. 6d. net.
Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Bennet Burleigh: The Natal Campaign. 6s. (Chapman, Hall.)
Churchill, W. S.: Savrola. 6s. (Longmans.)
Lord Roberts: Forty-one Years in India. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

MANCHESTER.

Fowler: The Farringdons. (Hutchinson.)
Fitzpatrick: The Transvaal from Within. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
Crockett: Joan of the Sword Hand. (Ward, Lock.)
Weyman: Sophia. (Longmans.)
Tolstoy: Resurrection. (Henderson.)
Sims: Without the Limelights. (Chatto and Windus.)

BURNLEY.

Fitzpatrick: The Transvaal from Within. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
Temple Encyclopædic Primers. 1s. each net. (Dent & Co.)
Boothby, Guy: A Maker of Nations. 5s. (Ward & Lock.)
Annandale's Concise Dictionary. 3s. 6d. (Blackie and Son.)
Fowler: The Farringdons. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Law Without Lawyers, by Two Barristers. 6s. (John Murray.)

LEEDS.

Bennet Burleigh: Natal Campaign. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)
Bishop of Ripon: Popular History of the Church of England. 6s. (Murray.)
Maurice: Franco-German War. 21s. (Swan Sonnenschein.)
Fowler: The Farringdons. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Crockett: Joan of the Sword Hand. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
Doyle: The Green Flag. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

BRIGHTON.

Steevens: Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Fitzpatrick: The Transvaal from Within. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
Bennet Burleigh: Natal Campaign. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)
Ruskin's Works. (Geo. Allen.)
Lord Roberts: Forty-one Years in India. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
Dickens: New Century Library. 2s. 6d. net. (Nelson.)

CAMBRIDGE.

Weyman: Sophia. 6s. (Longmans.)
Crockett: Joan of the Sword Hand. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
Fitzpatrick: The Transvaal from Within. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Ruskin's Works. (Allen.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Fitchett: How England Saved Europe. 4 vols. at 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Conan Doyle: Green Flag. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Crockett: Joan of the Sword Hand 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
Barry: Arden Massiter. 6s. (Unwin.)
Fitzpatrick: The Transvaal from Within. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
Ralph: Towards Pretoria. 6s. (Pearson.)

SUNDERLAND.

Fowler: The Farringdons. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Bennet Burleigh: The Natal Campaign. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)
Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Mary Cholmondeley: Red Pottage. 6s. (Arnold.)
Gore: Ephesians. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)
Burnett: De Willoughby Claim. 6s. (Warne.)

ABERDEEN.

Watt: Aberdeen and Banff County Histories. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)
Borrow: Romany Rye. 6s. (Murray.)
Fitzpatrick: The Transvaal from Within. cheap ed. 2s. net. (Heinemann.)
Lang: History of Scotland. Vol. 1. 15s. net. (Blackwood.)
Benvie: Higher on the Hill. 5s. (Jas. Clarke & Co.)
Brontë: Wildfell Hall. Haworth edition. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

GLASGOW.

Fitzpatrick: The Transvaal from Within. Popular ed. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
Fowler: The Farringdons. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Weyman: Sophia. 6s. (Longmans.)
Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Dr. Parker: City Temple Pulpit. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
Horace G. Hutchinson and others: The Book of Golf and Golfers. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

DUBLIN (1).

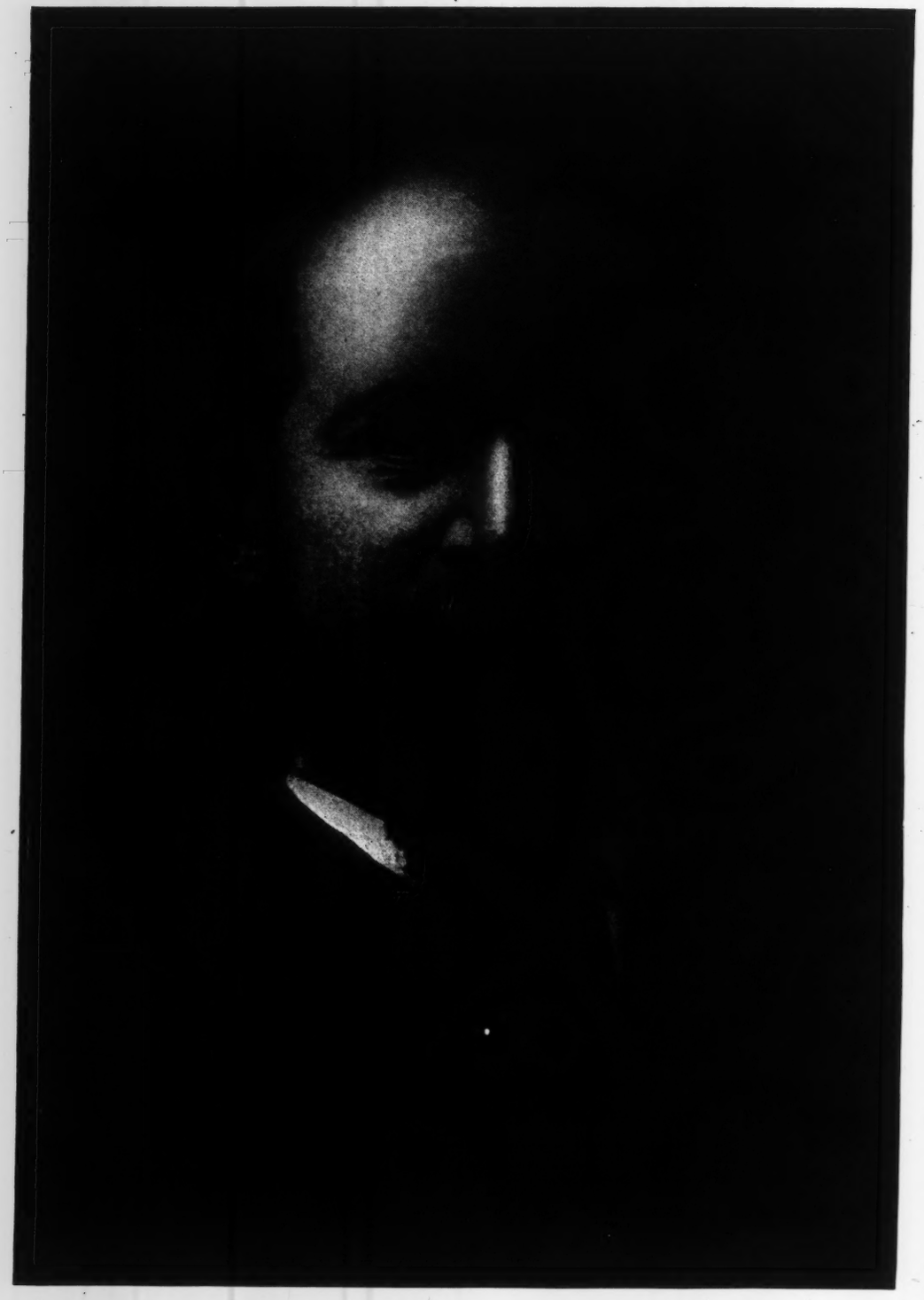
Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Fitzpatrick: The Transvaal from Within. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
Auchinlech: For the Honour of the Queen. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodges, Figgis & Co.)
Century Book of Gardening. 18s. net. (Newnes.)
Tolstoy: Resurrection. 6s. net. (Henderson.)
Moira O'Neill: Songs of the Glens of Antrim. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

DUBLIN (2).

Sheehan: My New Curate. 6s. (Marlier, Boston.)
Barry: Arden Massiter. 6s. (Unwin.)
Steevens: From Capetown to Ladysmith. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Bodkin: Dora Myrl. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
McDonagh: Irish Life and Character. 6s. (Hodder.)
Francis: Yeoman Fleetwood. 6s. (Longmans.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TYPEWRITING. — MSS., Legal and Scientific Documents, Plays, etc., promptly typewritten. Newest machinery. Usual Terms.—L. Mills, 31, Cauldwell Street, Bedford.



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

From an unpublished Photograph.
Block engraved by The Exemplar Engraving Coy., 176 Brixton Hill, S.W.